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MARCH 1955

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EXPLORING THE Universe

by Dr. Franklin S. Harris, Jr.

EXCAVATIONS have been made over a period covering several years by the Dominican Ecole Biblique of Jerusalem at what is now called Tell el-Far'ah about seven miles northeast of Nablus. In a summary reported in the *Biblical Archaeologist* the city was important about 3500 B.C. and flourished for centuries, was abandoned, and occupied again in early Israelite times before final abandonment in the ninth century B.C. The excavators believe that this city is to be identified with Tirzah, capital of the kingdom of Israel during the years immediately following the break-up of the United Monarch after the death of Solomon. If this is so, then the "Palace I" would be the residence of the kings from Jeroboam to Zimri and "Palace II" that reconstructed by Omri before he moved his capital to Samaria.

THE University of Georgia School of Veterinary Medicine has set up the first canine blood bank. The reasons for the blood bank and methods of operation are similar to human blood banks, though with the canine blood all veterinarians don't believe matching of donor and patient's blood is necessary.

MANY centuries ago the Eskimos found how to make the runners on their sleds go easily over the snow. The runners are made from driftwood and coated by applying thawed black muck from the muskies by patting it about two inches thick on the runners. The mud soon freezes solid and is smoothed down with a homemade plane, then a mouthful of water is squirted along the mud and smoothed with polar bear fur. The Mounties have sometimes used oatmeal porridge (cooked without salt) for coating runners because it is tougher for going over small exposed rocks.

THE old common idea of the way to treat a frostbitten part of the body is to begin rubbing it with snow. Good sense and experience has led the American Red Cross to warn against this practice and to urge the injured part be warmed immediately.

MARCH 1955

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AMERICAN POWER, AND THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL QUESTION*

by Dr. G. Homer Durham

VICE PRESIDENT, UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

THE DECADE since the ending of World

War II has witnessed two confusing aspects of American power in the world. Having demonstrated the greatest industrial might and military potential in history, during that conflict, American power has created a range of attitudes abroad running through respect to fear. During this decade at home, many Americans have voiced the greatest feelings of insecurity, perhaps, in the "peacetime" history of the republic. Fear of the power of intangible doctrines to move men tangibly has existed side by side with the greatest domestic prosperity Americans have ever known. In the midst of material comforts, with a surplus to export in foreign aid, the nation has passed through what has been called a spiritual crisis. Where belief in the principles embodied in the Bill of Rights once approached broad universality, the scope of the same principles has been reduced for fear of the security of the state. The countless loyalty checks and pre-hiring investigations conducted by the FBI, by Civil Service Commission inspectors, Army, Naval, and Air Force intelligence officers, have become an American office routine. The psychology of suspicion has gone a long way toward replacing the notion of trust and confidence in one's fellows and neighbors, all under official auspices and support of both Republicans and Democrats. The trend Edwin S. Corwin examined in his study of the effects of World War II on our constitutional processes (*Total War and the Constitution*, 1946), has continued in the postwar decade.

The average service club, convention, or college commencement address throughout this period has called for a "return" to "spiritual values," to our ancient frontier fortitude and courage. There are considerable accumulating evidences that this is taking place. But one is hardly yet conscious of a buoyant American faith and outlook so impressive as nostalgia and literature suggest formerly existed.

It is wholesome that in the decade of America's virtual monopoly of atomic power, of its vast post-war material

strength, that American trust has not centered wholly on its food surpluses and iron shard. At the same time an unsteady spirit, a fluctuation of attitudes has been evident. Is it possible that this seeming imbalance, this constant emphasis on, or fluctuation between, things "spiritual" and things "material" goes deeper than external threats and the voiced attitudes of people? Could part of the hysteria-courage-bravado-fear-courage phenomena evidenced by reactions to the dangers of communism be in part the mirror of the dualistic view of man; the insistence on the distinction (rather than the organic union) between "spirit" and "matter"? Such a doctrine of human nature has characterized western civilization at least since the fourth century A.D.

There is undoubtedly analytical value in viewing man as a two-in-one, dual being. But is it time

to recognize and demonstrate the idea that man is neither "body" nor "spirit" but a living, combined "soul"? The expanded role of the psychiatrist and the psychologist in this same decade is also suggestive. Are their efforts to heal the frustrated, jaded, overwrought sensitivities of this generation symptomatic of the imagined problems of men and women who view themselves, consciously or subconsciously, as two-in-one beings? With the spirit the enemy of the flesh and the flesh the enemy of the spirit? Is a different conception of man needed as the very foundation of solving individual, as well as societal ills? If the dualism of Augustine and John Calvin is the proper description of the nature of man, then one can have only admiration for their greatness and lasting influence. But, if the dualism inherent in western Christendom, as dominated by Augustinian and Calvinistic thought, is less than correct, some shift in thinking may be expected without destroying the inheritance of the past. Some of the strength of communism may lie in its unification of the doctrine of man as an economic, material man. But materialism is also communism's fatal aspect. A better doctrine, if any, must supplant medieval dualism.¹

A polar map of the world today shows the Sino-Soviet sphere to be sur-

*The "Anthropological question" (i.e., of the nature of man) is, after the question of the nature and character of God, the significant problem of theological inquiry.

¹See February ERA for a suggestion regarding the Declaration of Independence in secular affairs.

rounded by American "physical" power. American air, naval, and ground units encircle the globe—30,000 troops in Alaska and the Aleutians; 55,000 southwards in the Pacific; 430,000 in Japan and Korea; units of unknown (in terms of public information) strength on Iwo Jima, Guam, Okinawa, Formosa, and Formosa Straits, the Philippines; 50,000 in Saudi Arabia, the Middle East, Libya, and the Mediterranean; 385,000 in western Europe; others in Iceland, Greenland, plus 2,300,000 within our own boundaries, all equipped with the products of the mightiest industrial power. When one looks at the way the Soviet world is surrounded by such might, plus our allies and their forces, on their very borders, one can understand, realistically, why they talk of "coexistence" as a desirable political objective.²

In the long run, attitudes of fear or security, of the use or abuse of any form of power will reflect the view of human nature and human value held. One cannot discard western dualism lightly. For this historic, traditional view of man, in the west, has held up the ideal of man's spiritual nature. But if life for a man or policy for a state becomes a question of constant psychological instability, it seems possible that we should expect schism in the body politic and schizophrenia in individual men.

In Genesis 2:7 is found one of the oldest, influential accounts of the nature of man found in our civilization: "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." (Italics added.) If man on earth is viewed as a *living soul*, it becomes less easy to closet the "spirit" in the mind while the "body" goes on a purely "physical" quest which the mind may later, as a consequence of some stimuli, try to reconcile with things "spiritual" and vice-versa. At the same time this need not restrict the view of immortality. As a *living soul* a man may view himself responsibly: as an individual unit. He can trust heaven for past and future. As a whole individual he can accept the responsibility for his earthly freedom. Nevertheless, he is always a spiritual being as he is always a material being that bleeds if pricked, tires if exhausted, and famishes if starved. Policies and powers for centuries have needed to be viewed in a more responsible light for their effects on human value *in toto* and not for their "bodies" or their "spirits" alone. At the same time, men as living souls need sanctification as much as men whose "flesh" needs pricking by the spirit. Dualism helps us understand only if

(Concluded on page 205)

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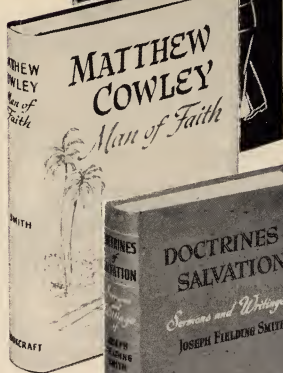
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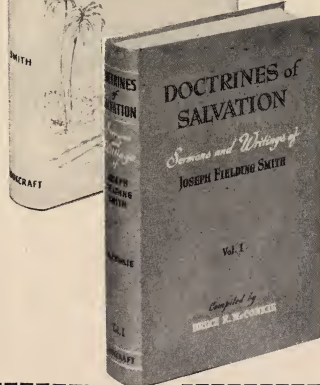
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The IMPROVEMENT ERA

"The Voice of the Church"



VOLUME 58 ~ NUMBER 3 ~ March 1955 ~

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of Latter-day Saints

The Cover

Our cover this month is a spring scene showing two of the Three Patriarchs from the Court of the Patriarchs in Zion National Park. It was taken from an Ektachrome by Hal Rumen.

General conference will be held Sunday, Monday, and Wednesday, April 3, 4, and 6. As in the past, the addresses of the General Authorities will be published in the June ERA.

Leroy Robertson's "Oratorio from the Book of Mormon" will be presented in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, Wednesday evening April 6, by the Utah Symphony and the combined University of Utah choruses, under the baton of Conductor Maurice Abravanel.

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50 North Main Street
Y.M.M.I.A. Offices, 50 North Main St.
Y.W.M.I.A. Offices, 40 North Main St.
Salt Lake City 1, Utah

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Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 1917, authorized July 2, 1918.

The Improvement Era is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, but welcomes contributions. All manuscripts must be accompanied by sufficient postage for delivery and return.

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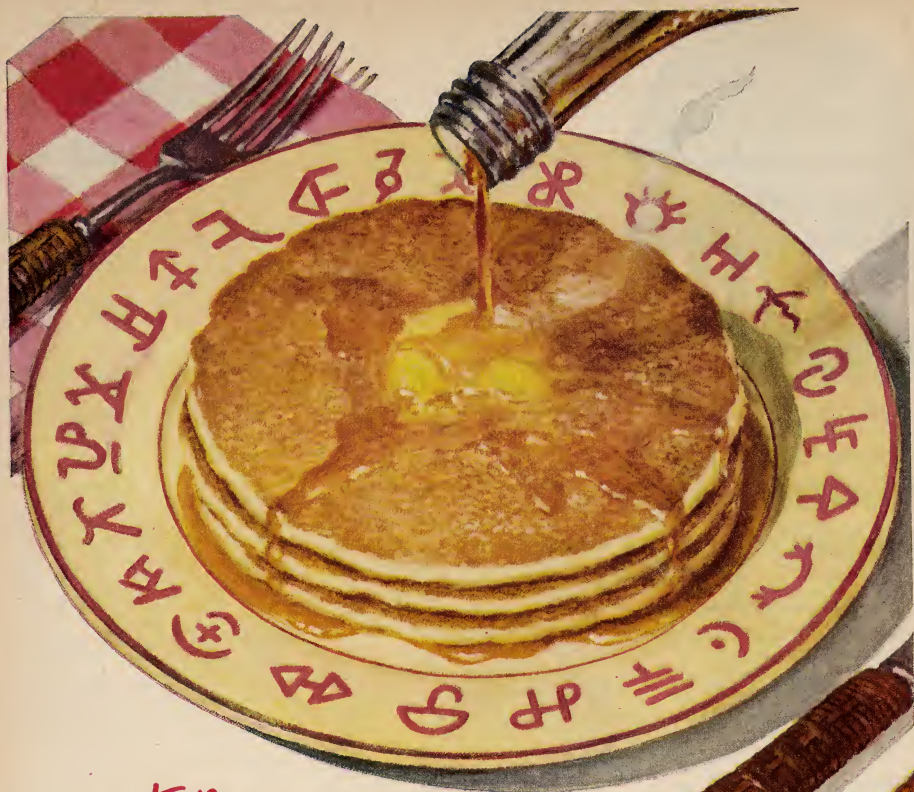
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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



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BIG BILL PATTERSON came striding
into the bank and lowered his
huge frame onto the creaking
chair beside my desk. As he grasped
my hand, I almost shuddered as I
thought how my bones would crack
if he should decide to clamp down.
I could hardly believe that this man
was the same person as the little
fellow who used to be wiggling around
in the back row of my Sunday School
class a few years ago.

"Where did you come from?" I
asked. "I thought you were playing
with the Giants."

"That's right," he said. "I am just
home this week-end. As you know,"
he went on, "this is my first year in
big time. Some people think that
baseball is just a game, but to me it
is serious business. A man in ordinary
business can coast a little once in a
while, but I don't dare relax a minute.
There is always a flock of fel-
lows trying for my job and any time
my batting average slips I'll be rest-

ing on the bench and that isn't good,
you know."

"I see what you mean, but you seem
to be making the grade in good shape.
Have you any special secret?"

"Well, nothing exclusive, but I
have a little system that helps me.
Whenever I step up to bat there al-
ways comes to my mind a verse that
my father used to quote at the break-
fast table. It runs like this: "Create
in me a clean heart, O God; and re-
new a right spirit within me."
(Psalms 51:10.) Then I try my best
to get in the right spirit by saying to
myself, 'If he doesn't put the ball
squarely in the strike zone, I'll walk.
If he does put it in there, I'm going
to hit it plenty.' I believe this posi-
tive spirit helps in this situation."

"I am sure it does, Bill," I said. "I
have an idea that you are going to
be up there for a long time."

After Bill went out, I began think-
ing about how Bill's system might
work in business. As we sit facing
home plate at the breakfast table,
we might use that verse from the
Bible: "Create in me a clean heart, . . .
and renew a right spirit within me."
Then, like Bill, we might help out
in the matter by saying to ourselves
something like this: "Today the
world is going to toss some tricky
pitches at me. Some may be curves,
some fast balls, and perhaps a slow
ball. Unless these pitches are square-
ly in the strike zone of what is true,
what is honest, and just, and of good
report, I'm not going to swing at
them. On the other hand, if they
do meet these tests, I intend to hit
the ball and hit it hard."

Bill's positive application of the
Bible verse is a good one to use in the
game of life.



The Right Spirit

by O. A. Kearney

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

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THE CHURCH MOVES ON

A Day To Day Chronology Of Church Events

December 1954

26 SPEAKING to the subject "If I Be Lifted Up," Elder Sterling W. Sill, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, addressed the nationwide radio audience of the National Broadcasting Company. The Mormon Choir of Southern California furnished the music for this "Faith in Action" program.

30 ELDER Frederick S. Williams, former president of the Argentine and Uruguayan Missions, was set apart as president of the Los Angeles Temple Mission and director of the Bureau of Information on the temple lot, by the First Presidency.

January 1955

2 PRESIDENT and Sister McKay and Elder Franklin J. Murdock left Salt Lake City, beginning their tour of the Pacific Missions of the Church.

4 PRESIDENT McKay and his party left San Francisco on the beginning of their South Pacific tour. Traveling by air, they left Honolulu that same evening, after a brief stop.

5 A HURRICANE abruptly turned in its path, missing the area where President McKay and party were flying.

7 WHILE resting in Suva, Fiji Islands, after an overseas flight, President David O. McKay said that the Church hopes to increase its educational facilities for the natives of Tonga and Samoa.

8 DR. ARIEL S. BALLIF, currently chairman of the sociology department at Brigham Young University, was called as president of the New Zealand Mission, succeeding President Sidney J. Ottley. As a young man he served a mission in New Zealand for forty-two months, during which time he was principal of the old Maori Agricultural College. He is a former bishop of the Provo Ninth Ward, a former member of the high council of the East Provo Stake, and at this appointment to the New Zealand Mission, is the president of the East Provo Stake. Mrs. Ballif

and their youngest daughter, Bonnie, will accompany him to this field of labor.

9 ELDER Alma Sonne, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, dedicated the chapel of the Sugarville Ward, Deseret (Utah) Stake.

Elder Dale T. Browning, formerly second counselor to President N. Russell Tanner of Weber (Utah) Stake, sustained as president of that stake. Elder Raymond S. Wright resustained as first counselor, and Elder William De Mik, Jr., sustained as second counselor.

Elder J. Golden Snow sustained as president of the Taylor (Alberta, Canada) Stake, succeeding President James H. Walker, deceased. President Snow's counselors are Elders J. Orvin Hicken and Rulon H. Dahl.

11 PRESIDENT David O. McKay and party arrived in Tonga. Among those meeting him were four Tongan members of the Church who had come 140 miles in an open sailboat to shake hands with the President.

13 PRESIDENT David O. McKay and party spent two January thirteenth by re-crossing the international dateline. The first was spent in Tonga, and the second was spent in Samoa.

14 PRESIDENT David O. McKay dedicated the chapel of the Sauniatu Branch, Samoan Mission.

15 IT was announced that during the year ending last May 31, there were 49,730 thespians, 79,814 musicians, and 99,068 speakers who participated in the programs of the Mutual. Some 6754 dramas were presented in the various wards. There were 12,518 ward dances and 2591 stake dances. The YMMIA reported fifteen thousand participants on 1173 basketball teams; four thousand members of 501 volleyball teams, and eight thousand members on 622 softball teams. The YWMA reported that 17,089 of their members had participated in camping activities, and that 7178 sports programs were held.

17 ELDER Henry D. Moyle of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the chapel of the Queens Ward, New York Stake.

18 PRESIDENT David O. McKay and his party arrived in Tahiti during their tour of South Pacific Island Missions.

"Meet Me at Mutual" night was held throughout the Church.

19 THE plaster casts for the bronze oxen of the baptismal font of the temple in Switzerland left Salt Lake City for Europe, where they will be made. Sculptor Millard F. Malin was assisted in making the plaster casts by Maurice Brooks and Torleif Knaphus. The casts of the six oxen (each will be used twice) weighed an estimated five hundred pounds each.

23 ELDER Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the chapel of the Provo Twelfth and Thirteenth wards, East Provo (Utah) Stake.

24 MONDAY night classes in playwriting were begun at the Institute of Religion, adjacent to the University of Utah campus, by the drama committees of the MIA general boards. The course is for six weeks.

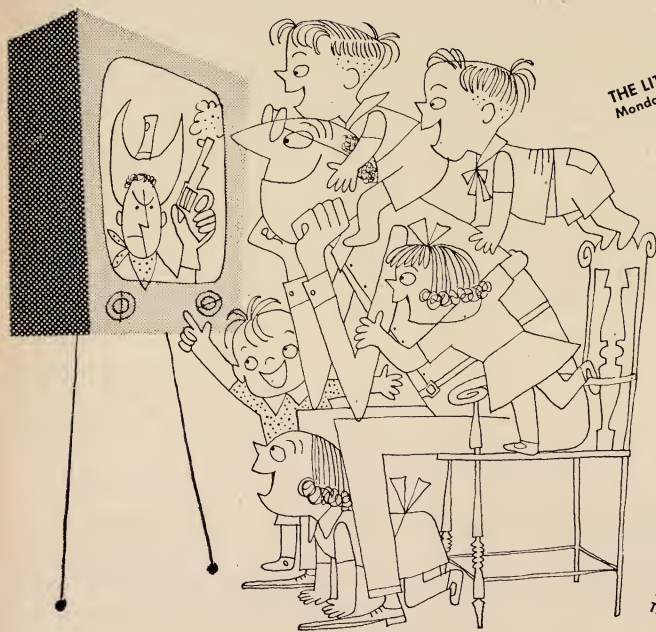
25 PRESIDENT David O. McKay and party arrived in Auckland, New Zealand, on their current tour of missions.

Elder Mark E. Petersen of the Council of the Twelve returned to Salt Lake City after touring the three missions in South America.

29 A NEW leadership program for the YMMIA was in the hands of leaders of Scouts, Explorers, Junior M Men, and M Men this week. Special recordings were sent to each of the 219 stakes of the Church. In the new program class leaders are (1) asked to enroll all boys within their ward; (2) to contact by visit, letter, postcard, telephone, or otherwise, each boy who does not attend Mutual once a month; (3) to visit boys personally in their home and then determine to what measures leaders can best help and serve the youths; and (4) that the teachers themselves are to teach and live the standards of the Church—attend sacrament meeting, priesthood meeting, and MIA at least seventy-five percent of the time. At the same time it was announced that the age-group assistants will now be known as the ward institutional representatives.

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SPORTS FOR THE FAMILY
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() LIGHT AND LIFE—Struts	.60
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THE PASSING OF TWO WELL-KNOWN CHURCH MEMBERS

DEATH has taken two well-known members of the Church recently: Miss Maud May Babcock, who passed away on December 31, 1954, in Salt Lake City, and Elder Albert M. Talmage, who died at his home in Provo, Utah, January 11, 1955.

ELDER TALMAGE, a brother of the late Dr. James E. Talmage of the Council of the Twelve, was a lifelong worker in the cause of the blind. Blind himself since an accident at play, when he was but six years of age, he knew from firsthand experience, the problems that beset the sightless.

In 1904, under the direction of the late President Joseph F. Smith, the Society for the Aid of the Sightless was organized. Elder Talmage became its manager. He began the publication of *The Messenger to the Sightless*, in 1912, which he edited until his retirement in May 1953. (See "Albert M. Talmage, Retired Editor of *The Messenger to the Sightless*," *THE IMPROVEMENT ERA*, September 1954, page 635; also "Service to the Sightless," *THE IMPROVEMENT ERA*, July 1942, page 438.)

Elder Talmage was born October 15, 1867, in Hungerford, Berks, England, son of James J. and Susannah Preatter Talmage, and came to the United States the following year. While attending the School for the Blind in Ogden, he met and later married Sarah Whalen, a teacher there. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple, December 21, 1905. She was his co-worker in his efforts for the blind. She preceded him in death.

MISS BABCOCK was the first woman member of the University of Utah faculty, and at her retirement in 1938, had served there for forty-six years. She had organized the physical culture and speech departments at the university, and had served as head of the speech department for many years.

She was born May 2, 1867, in East Worcester, Otsego County, New York, a daughter of William Wayne and Sarah Jane Butler Babcock. She was graduated from the National School of Oratory of Philadelphia, and the Lyceum School of Acting,

later the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, in New York. She was an instructor for three summer sessions at Harvard University, and taught at the Engleside School for Girls in the Berkshires.

Miss Babcock recalled, on the occasion of her birthday in 1947, that it was Mrs. Susa Young Gates who was responsible for her coming west. Mrs. Gates was in one of her summer classes at Harvard. She joined the faculty of the University of Utah in 1892, when that institution was situated where Salt Lake City's West High School stands.

She was a former president of the National Association of Teachers of Speech, served on the board of Utah School for the Deaf and Blind for twenty years, with twelve years as president, and later in life was made an honorary member of the National League of American Pen Women. She authored or collaborated on several books on the teaching of speech.

After coming to Utah, Miss Babcock joined the Church and was always willing to use her talents for the furtherance of the work of the Church. She was active in temple work.

She traveled in Europe and in the Orient, sometimes conducting parties of students.

Her brother, Dr. William Wayne Babcock of Philadelphia, was cited last year as the outstanding physician of the year by the American Medical Association.

A WINTER BONUS

By B. E. H. Harris

OUR hearts were heavy with a thousand cares;
The nights were lowering black, the days slate gray.
More storms were hovering round. Then, unaware,
We awakened to a sparkling bonus day.
The air was balmy, as in budding spring;
The sun smiled on a landscape, fresh and gay,
Fair foretaste of what nature soon would bring.
Let glorious, verdant springs of other years
Be memory's boon, when winter's snowflakes cling.
All is not lost, however life appears;
Be slow to heed what gloom's dark prophet saith.
Cast off the sable cloak of chilling fears.
Remember sunshine, bird song, flowers' breath.
Life waits beneath the counterfeit of death!

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



—Photo by Hal Rumel Studios

Between the Snow and the Flower

by Anobel Armour

The hills are gray and lonely in this hour
Between the silver snow, the scarlet flower.
There is a grayness even in the wind
And in the spruce's branches, brown-cone thinned,
And in the mist like folded-down gray wings,
But even through the gray the spirit sings,
For peace lies still against the sunless stones
And even lies along the bleached white bones
Of lightning-stricken trees. Here man can stand,
Seeming to cup creation in his hand,
Needing but little more than he knows now,
Part of the hill, the mist, the coneless bough.

Poetry

THESE LET HIM FIND

By Rose Thomas Graham

WHEN he comes back, he will not be the same,
A little more the man, and less the boy.
Greet him as from a winning baseball game
With laughter in your eyes, hearts full of joy.

And let him find in Dad his boyhood chum,
Mom's hair uncurled, if last he saw it plain.
All through the house a gentle lilting hum
Like cooing doves in sunshine after rain.
In his own bedroom, please, but little change,
The well-remembered pictures on the wall;
The fragrance of baked apples near the range,
And Sis's blue umbrella in the hall.

Call in his pals to sing and laugh and play,
As though he said, "Hello" but yesterday.

PRESUMPTUOUS WIND

By Jane Merchant

DEMANDED Joan, who's nearly five,
Observing how her fresh-washed rows
Of dresses danced as if alive—
"Who said the wind could wear my clothes?"

HEART-SHAPED WORD

By Lucretia Penny

HE BUILT the house that shelters them
And used no paint, no chrome
Yet when they speak the word you know
How sweet a sound is home.

INARTICULATE

By Angelyn W. Wadley

SOME can write poems to nature. Blossoms,
birds,
Majestic scenes, the seasons' changing dress,
Are motives for bright melodies of words
Which echo moods I feel but can't express.
Some can write tributes to the world's great
sons,
Or odds to art or truth; while others find
Their urge is to describe the lowly ones
Whose tasks and virtues are the common
kind.

Such themes touch my heart, too, but I'm
content

For these, to let some others write the lays,
Which I'll repeat, for I think it was meant
That we help one another voice our praise.
But when I hold my baby close, I long
For words to write my joy into a song!

RECOMPENSE

By Grace R. Ballard

I MAY NOT know the luxury of tears
For things I've left undone;
But still to toil forward through the coming
years
Till life is done.

The strife is not in vain if I may find
When at my journey's end,
One I have helped a bit along the way
Shall call me "Friend."

MARCH BOY

By Anobel Armour

THE BROWN boy lifts his heels and goes
To a hill where March wind blows,
Intent on just a single thing:
To fasten earth to sky with string.
He knows the new green wind is right
For one brisk boy and one brisk kite
To prove that March has always been
The month for flying white kites in,
Because its green and windy weather
Ties boy and earth and sky together.

BLOW A NEW SONG

By Inez Clark Thorson

WIND from the frigid northland,
Blow from afar,
Mantles of white to cover
Earth's rust and scar.

Wind from the sunrise portals,
Blow fresh and warm
Over a world hate-clouded—
Scatter the storm.

Wind from the land of sunsets,
Snare a stray beam,
Freight it with peace and beauty—
Blow a new dream.

Wind from the south, blow gently
All the day long—
Out from the land of blossoms
Blow a new song!



—Photograph by William A. Garnett

MOUNTAIN SPRINGTIME

By Janet Moore

AROUND his feet when March winds sing,
The mountain weaves a blossoming
Of star-flowers, trilliums, violets
And grieves when they too soon take wing.

In May he paints a rock-clad slope
Where leap the deer and antelope,
With poppies, bluebells, columbine,
Whose briefness once more blights his hope.

Again in June he tries to tame
Elusive spring and lauds her fame
Upon a loftier plateau
In lupin plume and paintbrush flame.

When August sears the plain below,
He decks high meadows, patched with snow,
In gentian, heather, Lenten rose . . .
Still loath to let the springtime go.

SONG FOR YOU

By Christie Lund Coles

LET THIS be music for your ear,
These simple rhymes;
Let them fall as healingly
As Sunday chimes;

Let this be pillow for your rest,
This love, this song;
Let it be a wing, curved
Against fear and wrong;

Let this be comfort for you,
Warmth for the cold;
Let it be remembering
When you are old.

ONCE A CHILD

By Beulah Huish Sadleir

I WANT to see your pretty face
Against the windowpane—
I want you small—close to my feet,
A little child again.

I want to hear you sing your songs
To ease the sudden fear
That life moves fast around us—
My darling, do you hear

The pulse beat of my spirit?
Listen closely to the rain;
That is the only way I know
To ease the silent pain.

The cord that binds us—each as one—
Was woven strong, but free.
Our songs reach up to the heavens,
Our souls to eternity.

THE SEA TOLD ME

By Cpl. Robert P. Bollschwaeiler

WHILE pacing down the rolling deck,
My gaze fell on the sea;
And as I walked, I asked myself
How all this came to be.
Why does the sea, though made of drops,
Stretch out its arms so far,
And why must we, all mothers' sons,
Leave our homes and our dear ones,
And so sail out to war?

I searched the foaming, crashing sea,
And there I seemed to find
The answer to the question
Within my boyish mind.
For as the waves roll on and on,
So onward we must roll;
And mothers' prayers will rise on high,
And mothers' sons will fight and die
Before we've reached our goal.

Because they're taught "there is no God,"
They reel down darkened lanes,
Their bodies free to move about,
But with minds held in chains.
Until these chains are broken,
Until all men are free,
We must fight on, we cannot fail.
Yes, that's why we were called to sail
Across this endless sea!

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

On Teaching and Training Children

Excerpts from *Gospel Ideals*

by President David O. McKay

NEXT to eternal life, the most precious gift that our Father in heaven can bestow upon man is his children.

* * * * *

In the formation of character and guidance of childhood, parental influence is greatest; next comes the teacher's.

* * * * *

The proper training of childhood is man's most sacred obligation. Children at birth are the most dependent and helpless of all creatures, yet they are the sweetest and the greatest of all things in the world. They come from the Father pure and undefiled, their souls like stainless white paper on which are to be written the aspirations and achievements of a lifetime. Whether that scroll shall become the biography of a noble Christlike life, or a series of blots and blurs, depends largely, if not entirely, upon the guiding influence of parents, playmates, and teachers.

* * * * *

There is true nobility in the soul of that man or woman who sincerely desires and strives to lead children out of contaminating influences into an environment of high ideals and lofty endeavors.

* * * * *

Bishops, do not hesitate to ask the men and women whom you choose to teach our children the following questions direct:

Are you in harmony with the bishopric—with the stake presidency—the General Authorities?

Do you keep the Word of Wisdom when you are out in society, on the street, or wherever you are?

Do you pay your tithing?

Do you keep the Sabbath day holy?

Are you honest in your dealings with your fellow men?

Do not hesitate to put these and other pertinent questions directly to teachers when you call them. Appeal to them and try to make them realize that to be a teacher is to be a leader, a co-partner with the Creator in molding souls.

You cannot give what you do not possess. You cannot awaken in the hearts of children a nobility which is not yours. . . . [Children should] be fired with an ambition to be useful and infused with a desire to be obedient, that thereby they might enjoy the first and foremost right of childhood; viz., to be happy.

* * * * *

If a lesson is prepared and developed in an atmosphere of cheerfulness, the child cannot help being interested and inspired, and the teacher is doubly blessed. To give a lesson well prepared is like mercy—it blesses him that gives and him that receives. It is true in teaching as in life—"Give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you."

* * * * *

Teachers, begin the preparation of your lessons in prayer. Teach your lessons with a prayerful heart. Then pray that God will enrich your message in the souls of your children through the influence of his Holy Spirit.

* * * * *

After all, the technical learning is secondary if we keep in mind the ultimate aim of the work. We must never lose sight of that. It is the Spirit which teaches the spirit. What you are is what will influence your children—[more than] what you say. The Spirit of the Lord is what is going to reach those teachers and teach your children.

* * * * *

[We] look forward to the time, and we hope it is beginning today, when nobility of character will be recognized as being greater than intellect; when faith in our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, when loyalty to the standards and principles of his restored gospel will be the motivating ideals in the life of every child and youth in the Church. May God's nearness and his guidance, to which all pupils and teachers are entitled, hasten that day.

The Editor's Page

Your Question

by Joseph Fielding Smith
PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

Churches on Earth During the Millennium

Question: "Will there be any other churches with ministers on the earth during the millennium teaching doctrine contrary to the doctrines of the Church which the Lord established? I understand that in the resurrection people of all creeds and manners of belief will be resurrected, but I am not clear in relation to the millennial reign?"

Answer: When the reign of Jesus Christ comes during the millennium, only those who have lived the celestial law will be removed. It is recorded in the Bible and other standard works of the Church that the earth will be cleansed of all its corruption and wickedness. Those who have lived virtuous lives, who have been honest in their dealings with their fellow man and have endeavored to do good to the best of their understanding, shall remain. To Malachi it was revealed that "... all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch." (Malachi 4:1.) Isaiah also declared that because the people had broken the everlasting covenant and defiled the earth, "... therefore the inhabitants of the earth are burned, and few men left." (Isaiah 24:6.) In this dispensation the Lord revealed the following:

"And prepare for the revelation which is to come, when the veil of the covering of my temple, in my tabernacle, which hideth the earth, shall be taken off, and all flesh shall see me together.

"And every corruptible thing, both of man, or of the beasts of the field, or of the fowls of the heavens, or of the fish of the sea, that dwells upon all the face of the earth, shall be consumed.

"And also that of element shall melt with fervent heat; and all things shall become new, that my knowledge and

glory may dwell upon all the earth." (D. & C. 101:23-25.)

So we learn that all corruptible things, whether men or beasts or element, shall be consumed; but all that does not come under this awful edict shall remain. Therefore, the honest and upright of all nations, kindreds, and beliefs who have kept the terrestrial as well as the celestial law, will remain. Under these conditions people will enter the great reign of Jesus Christ, carrying with them their beliefs and religious doctrines. Their glory will not be taken from them. On this subject President Brigham Young has said:

"In the Millennium men will have the privilege of their own belief, but they will not have the privilege of treating the name and character of Deity as they have done before. No, but every knee shall bow and every tongue confess to the glory of God the Father that Jesus is the Christ." (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, pp. 182-183, 1925 ed.; p. 119, 1943 ed.)

The Prophet Joseph Smith has said:

"There will be wicked men on the earth during the thousand years. The heathen nations who will not come up to worship will be visited with the judgments of God, and must eventually be destroyed from the earth." (*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, pp. 268-269.)

The saying that there will be wicked men on the earth during the millennium has been misunderstood by many, because the Lord declared that the wicked shall not stand, but shall be consumed. (D. & C. 5:18-19, 29:8-10, 101:23-25.) In using this term "wicked" it should be interpreted in the language of the Lord as recorded in the Doctrine and Covenants, Section 84, verses 49-53. Here the Lord speaks of those who have not received the gospel as being "wicked" as they are still under the bondage of sin, having not been baptized. "The inhabitants of the terrestrial order will remain on the earth during the Millennium, and this class is without the Gospel ordinances." (*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, p. 269.)

The Lord said through Isaiah, speaking of the millennium:

"For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind.

"But be ye glad and rejoice for ever in that which I

(Continued on page 176)
THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

EDITOR'S NOTE

Response to *Your Question* is so large that it is possible to answer on these pages but a small percentage of the questions submitted. When you write, be sure to include your name and address in case it seems advisable to answer your letter personally.

WITH THE PRESIDENT

by Franklin J. Murdock

PATIENCE

PATIENCE is one of the cardinal virtues, and it is said that patience overcometh all things.

Sister Martha Wolfgang of Vavau in the Tongan Islands had been investigating the gospel as explained to her by the missionaries for some time. The baptismal meeting was announced for the end of the week. She, contrary to the wishes of her husband and to the instructions given by the Church, presented herself for baptism to the two missionaries, and they baptized her. Her husband, hearing of her plans, rushed to the water's edge, but it was too late—she had been baptized. He became enraged and flew into a fit of anger against the missionaries, but he was constrained and did not carry out his threats to whip them.

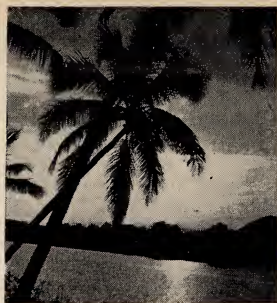
When his wife returned home, he was so angered with her that he went immediately and engaged the services of a Christian minister and aroused her at three o'clock in the morning and insisted that she be baptized by the minister. She had no other course open but to submit and be sprinkled by the minister. Her husband, thinking that this had invalidated her baptism by immersion, forbade her to attend the services in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

She quietly and patiently carried on in the home without one word being said about Mormonism or the missionaries. At the end of about six months her husband said to her one morning, "Martha, there is something which I have had on my mind for some time, and this morning I would like to mention it to you. It is this—that if you wish to go to the Mormon Church, you may do so, and if you wish to take part in it, I have no objection." She was completely overcome with joy and began quietly and earnestly to take part in all the activities of the Church. Her husband has not hindered her in any way, but has helped her all he could.

As President McKay shook hands with a Sister Wolfgang in Tonga today, he asked if she were the sister of Martha Wolfgang, whom he had known thirty-four years ago. She smiled and said, "Yes, I am of the same family, and, President, I remember the whole story, just as you have told it to us today in meeting."

Patience overcometh all things!

MARCH 1955



THE CLASP OF A HAND

THE OUTSTRETCHED hand is a symbol of friendship, of greeting, and of brotherhood and affection. The handclasp means confidence, trust, and fidelity. The warmth of the hand reflects the pulse of the heart.

As we were leaving Canton Island on January 5, our Pan American Strata Clipper had provided us with sleepers. Our schedule had been delayed three hours because of a threatened hurricane coming northward from the Fiji Islands. Canton Island is 1800 miles south from Honolulu. President McKay had arisen quite early and had written in his diary. I arose at 6:30 a.m. and asked President McKay if he would like to take a short walk while the plane had stopped. He said he would wait for Sister McKay and sat nearby waiting for her to arise.

I had walked over to the lounge room of Pan American World Airways and was resting in my reserved place. I noticed Sister McKay's hand come out of the sleeper curtains indicating she was ready to be helped down to the main floor of the clipper. The Lady Clipperette came and took hold of her hand to assist her. Just then President McKay looked up and saw her hand out and clasped it in his large, warm one. At that very moment she unmistakably knew it was his hand, and she immediately gave his hand a return pressure of affection.

Those four hands have been clasping each other for 54 years, at least. Those hands know what work and sacrifice and ambition mean. Those hands have been through sorrow and trials and have bound up the weary and sad and have administered to the poor and needy and unto the "least of these." Those hands have been asked for and have covenanted with each other for time and all eternity. Those hands love to be together, and they reflect the heartbeat of a great couple. It is always a privilege to clasp those hands.

AMONG the early settlers of western New York was Nathan Harris, an industrious farmer who acquired extensive land holdings in the vicinity of Palmyra in 1792. His son, Martin, nine years of age, at the time of this pioneer move, was destined to play an important role in the coming forth of the Book of Mormon.

Twenty-four years later, in 1816, Joseph Smith, Sr., moved his family from Norwich, Vermont, to the neighborhood of Palmyra, which was by now a well-established community. The two families soon became acquainted—Martin, now a mature man with substantial farming interests of his own, sometimes hiring the boy, Joseph, Jr., twenty-three years younger, to work for him.¹

That the Smith and Harris families were on intimate terms before Joseph Smith, Jr., received the plates in 1827,

THE TESTIMONY OF THREE WITNESSES

Be It Known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people, unto whom this work shall come: That we, through the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, have seen the plates which contain this record, which is a record of the people of Nephi, and also of the Lamanites, their brethren, and also of the people of Jared, who came from the tower of which hath been spoken. And we also know that they have been translated by the gift and power of God, for his voice hath declared it unto us; wherefore we know of a surety that the work is true. And we also testify that we have seen the engravings which are upon the plates; and they have been shown unto us by the power of God, and not of man. And we declare with words of soberness, that an angel of God came down from heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw the plates, and the engravings thereon; and we know that it is by the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, that we beheld and bear record that these things are true. And it is marvelous in our eyes. Nevertheless, the voice of the Lord commanded us that we should bear record of it; wherefore, to be obedient unto the commandments of God, we bear testimony of these things. And we know that if we are faithful in Christ, we shall rid our garments of the blood of all men, and be found spotless before the judgment-seat of Christ, and shall dwell with him eternally in the heavens. And the honor be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, which is one God. Amen.

Oliver Cowdrey
David Whitmer
Martin Harris

“...publish it upon the mountains”

and that Martin was deeply interested in and impressed by the divine manifestations given to Joseph, is attested by the Prophet's mother. Mentioning the trouble which beset Joseph when he took possession of the plates, she states: “No one ever heard anything from us respecting them [the plates], except a confidential friend, whom my husband had spoken to about them two or three years previous.”² Elsewhere in her history she identifies this confidential friend by name as Martin Harris.³

Among the earliest authentic records of the association of Joseph Smith, Jr., and Martin Harris, is Edward L. Stevenson's account of his conversation with Martin during their trip from Ohio to Utah: “He said that Joseph Smith, the Prophet, was very poor, and had to work by the day for his support, and he [Harris] often gave him work on his farm, and that they had hoed corn together many a day. . . . Joseph he said, was good to work with and jovial, and they often wrestled together in sport, but the Prophet was devoted and attentive to his prayers.”⁴

THE STORY OF MARTIN HARRIS, ONE OF THE THREE WITNESSES OF THE BOOK OF MORMON

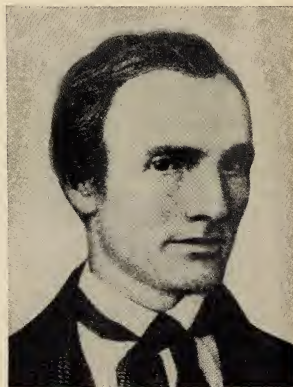
by William H. Homer, Jr.

When the time arrived for Joseph Smith, Jr., to take possession of the plates, difficulties multiplied, as he had been forewarned what would happen by the Angel Moroni. Attempts by persons of evil intent to gain possession of the plates were almost daily occurrences, but all these nefarious schemes were frustrated.

The opposition around Manchester, nearest village to the Smith farm, soon became so intense that translation of the divine record was manifestly impossible at that time and place. The Prophet decided to seek a more tolerant environment. He accepted an invitation from his wife's parents to come to their home in Harmony, Pennsylvania. Because of the bitter feeling against his mission, it had been hard for him to secure employment for some time, and he now experienced difficulty in meeting some of his obligations and financing the trip.

Martin Harris saved the day. Joseph Smith, Jr., and his wife's brother, Alva

Hale, were attending to some business in Palmyra when Martin Harris approached. “Here, Mr. Smith, is fifty dollars; I give this to you to do the Lord's work with; no, I give it to



Oliver Cowdrey
THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

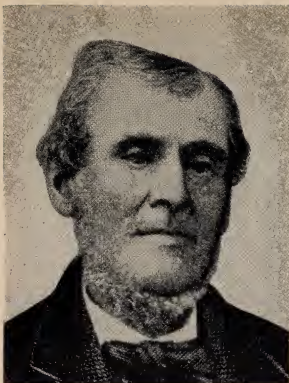
¹Preston Nibley, *The Witnesses of the Book of Mormon* (Salt Lake City, 1953), p. 107.

²Lucy Mack Smith, *Joseph Smith, the Prophet* (Salt Lake City, 1921), p. 122.

³*Ibid.*, p. 109.

⁴Nibley, *op. cit.*, pp. 134-135.

EDITOR'S NOTE



Martin Harris

the Lord for his own work." Joseph gratefully accepted the proffered money; but he wanted to give Martin a note for it, which Alva Hale offered to endorse. But Martin insisted on it as a gift, in the presence of witnesses.⁵ Thus the journey to Harmony, a distance of about 155 miles, was made possible in midwinter.

Settled in new and more peaceful surroundings, Joseph began copying some of the characters from the plates, and by use of the Urim and Thummim, did some translating.

Martin Harris, not content to wait until spring to know what progress was being made, traveled from Palmyra to Harmony in February 1828. He was much impressed with the transcription of characters and the

translation already accomplished and asked permission to be entrusted with them. This request was granted, and he proceeded with them to New York City. Here, at one of America's most distinguished institutions of learning, Columbia College, now Columbia University, he submitted the characters and translation to the noted professor of ancient languages, Charles Anthon.⁶

What followed has become such a familiar story that it is but briefly touched upon in this recital. A certificate of authenticity and correctness concerning the characters and their interpretation in so far as they had been translated, was issued by Professor Anthon. But upon being told that Joseph had been given the plates from whence the characters were taken by a divine messenger, he took back the certificate and destroyed it, declaring that there was no such thing now as ministering of angels.

Martin, profoundly impressed by the experience, returned to Harmony and reported the events to Joseph Smith. Just what Martin had in mind when he undertook the trip to Columbia College is not entirely clear, but the incident served to dispel any doubts he might have entertained at this time regarding the Prophet's claims.

⁵ "Ariel L. Crowley writing of 'The Anthon Transcript,' in the January 1942 issue of THE IMPROVEMENT ERA says of Martin Harris: 'Therefore, he proceeded with a minimum of delay to lay the transcript before a scholar learned in the ancient languages, Charles Anthon, adjunct professor of languages and ancient geography in Columbia College, New York, 1828. A telegram from New York, dated July 7, 1941, adds also this information concerning him and his degrees and scholastic pedigree:'

⁶ "Charles Anthon, A. B., Columbia, 1815; and LL.D., 1831; was adjunct professor Greek and Latin here 1820 to 1830. . . .

⁷ "Milton Halsey Thomas, 'Curator of Columbiana,'"

Crowley also says, 'Undoubtedly, also, Martin Harris sought to secure the opinion of other learned men,' and cites Pomeroy Tucker, early anti-Mormon writer, who knew both Joseph Smith and Martin Harris, as alluding to the Honorable Luther Bradish and Dr. Mitchell.

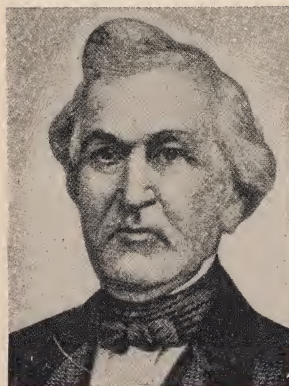
Professor Anthon wanted Martin to bring the plates to him for translation. Martin remarked that part of the golden book was sealed, whereupon Professor Anthon replied, "I cannot read a sealed book," thus fulfilling literally the prophecy of Isaiah:

And the vision of all is become unto you as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee: and he saith, I cannot; for it is sealed. (Isaiah 29:11.)

The meeting with Professor Anthon strengthened Martin's resolution to give further aid to the Prophet. He returned to Palmyra and arranged his affairs—for he contemplated an indefinite stay—and went back to Harmony about April 12, 1828. He immediately commenced to write while Joseph dictated the translation and continued uninterruptedly until June 14, during which time 116 written pages of foolscap paper were translated.

The effort required for a rugged outdoorsman like Martin Harris to remain seated throughout the long days, alert for each word that fell from the lips of the Prophet, can be imagined. It is related that Martin and Joseph would retire to the banks of the Susquehanna River and cast stones out on the water to relieve Martin's cramped muscles and Joseph's mental strain, for the gift of translation was not bestowed upon Joseph without intense effort on his part. Note the failure of Oliver Cowdery's endeavor to translate when he lost the small measure of the gift of translation which he had temporarily possessed. He failed to realize that merely asking for a divine gift was not sufficient without prayerful thought and study:

(Continued on following page)



David Whitmer

“... PUBLISH IT UPON THE MOUNTAINS”

(Continued from preceding page)

Do not murmur, my son, for it is wisdom in me that I have dealt with you after this manner.

Behold, you have not understood; you have supposed that I would give it unto you, when you took no thought save it was to ask me. (D. & C. 9:6-7.)

During the translation of this part of the record, Martin was constantly subject to criticism from his family and friends. Seeking some means of allaying their prejudices, he importuned Joseph for permission to show the manuscript to his skeptical friends and especially to his wife. The Prophet inquired of the Lord by the Urim and Thummim, but the request was denied. Martin, however, not to be dissuaded, plead with Joseph again to inquire of the Lord. Joseph yielded but once more received an emphatic negative answer.

The extremely insistent nature of Martin Harris was now manifest. For a third time he besought Joseph to inquire of the Lord concerning this matter. This third petition was granted, but the Lord imposed strict conditions, which Martin Harris by solemn covenant was bound to fulfill: The translation might be shown to five people—Martin's brother, Preserved Harris, to Martin's wife, mother and father, and to his wife's sister, Mrs. Cobb. No other persons were to see the manuscript.⁷

But in his enthusiasm upon arriving home, Martin forgot his solemn pledge and showed the manuscript to unauthorized persons. In the resultant confusion it became lost, and he was unable to regain possession of it. A number of theories have been advanced as to the ultimate fate of the manuscript, but the manuscript has never been brought to light.

Joseph at this time was sorely in need of rest. Exhausted by long hours of translation and deeply worried by the serious illness of his wife and the death of a newborn son, he paid a short visit to his parents in Manchester.

When the overly long absent Martin Harris met Joseph there and apprised him of the loss of the manuscript, the scene which followed can only be imagined. Joseph, appalled by the enormity of the loss, wounded to the depths of his soul by the betrayal of his trust and the breaking

of the covenant by which Martin was bound, was also in utter spiritual darkness. He had incurred the displeasure of the Lord by his repeated importuning in behalf of Martin Harris. “The Prophet suffered the torments of the damned. . . . In the bitterness of his soul he feared to approach the Lord.”⁸

He was shortly thereafter rebuked and warned in the following revelation:

The works, and the designs, and the purposes of God cannot be frustrated, neither can they come to naught. . . .

Remember, remember, that it is not the work of God that is frustrated, but the work of men; . . .

Behold, you have been entrusted with these things, but how strict were your commandments; and remember also the promises which were made to you, if you did not transgress them.

And behold, how oft you have transgressed the commandments and the laws of God, and have gone on in the persuasions of men.

For, behold, you should not have feared man more than God. Although men set at naught the counsels of God, and despise his words—

Yet you should have been faithful; and he would have extended his arm and supported you against all the fiery darts of the adversary; and he would have been with you in every time of trouble.

Behold, thou art Joseph, and thou wast chosen to do the work of the Lord, but because of transgression, if thou art not aware thou wilt fall.

But remember, God is merciful; therefore repent of that which is contrary to the commandment which I gave you, and thou art still chosen, and art again called to the work;

Except thou do this, thou shalt be delivered up and become as other men, and have no more gift.

And when thou deliverest up that which God had given thee sight and power to translate, thou deliverest up that which was sacred into the hands of a wicked man,

Who has set at naught the counsels of God, and has broken the most sacred promises which were made before God, and has depended upon his own judgment, and boasted in his own wisdom.

And this is the reason thou hast lost thy privileges for a season— . . .

Nevertheless, my work shall go forth. (D. & C. 3:1, 3, 5-14, 16.)

Thus it is clear how grave was Martin's transgression in the sight of the Lord, and how his carelessness placed the Prophet's entire mission in jeopardy. “This was the most bitter lesson Joseph Smith ever received. It seemed necessary to prepare him for

the great responsibilities yet before him.”⁹

Shortly after this, both the plates and the Urim and Thummim, which had been taken from Joseph, were restored to him.

Besides failing to enlighten his immediate relatives—which was his purpose in begging for possession of the translation—Martin Harris now found himself discredited and humiliated. Suffering and remorse dogged his footsteps. Even the Spirit of the Lord was withdrawn. The separation from his wife and breaking up of his family soon followed.

Discord between Martin Harris and his wife, Lucy, grew with Martin's every contribution of time, labor, or money to the cause of the Church. Records bring to light the ironic fact that she was the first recorded donor¹⁰ of actual cash towards the translation of the Record, and the instigator¹¹ of the first legal proceedings against Joseph Smith, Jr.

On hearing that Joseph had received the plates she became much excited and insisted on seeing them, offering financial assistance in the translation, if only she could be assured of their authenticity. She could never accept Joseph's reason for not granting her whim: that the Lord had forbidden the plates to be shown to anyone save those whom he would later designate as witnesses. Repeatedly Lucy offered Joseph money, and repeatedly he refused it, at length being forced to state bluntly that he preferred to depend upon men rather than their wives for assistance. This incensed Lucy, for she considered herself superior to her husband; but it did not deter her. The next day she told of having seen the plates in a dream the night before and was convinced that Joseph was telling the truth. “I mean to help you anyway,” she exclaimed and gave him twenty-eight dollars. Joseph Smith, Jr., finally accepted this amount to silence her importunings.

Lucy pressed her advantage of having donated money and employed every subterfuge in efforts to view the plates and get copies of the translation from her husband. To this end she even enlisted the aid of a Mr.

⁷Joseph Fielding Smith, *op. cit.*, p. 66.

⁸Lucy Mack Smith, *op. cit.*, 112.

¹¹Ibid., p. 132-134.

⁹*Documentary History of the Church* (Salt Lake City, 1927) Vol. 1, p. 21.

¹⁰Joseph Fielding Smith, *Essentials in Church History* (Salt Lake City, 1930), p. 65.

The WAITING PLACE

by Kit Johnson Poole

MY NAME when I was on earth was Jenet Ross. I am one of those thousands of spirits who are waiting anxiously for one of our descendants to perform the earthly ordinance of baptism in our behalf. The waiting is long! It seems to many of us here that that glorious moment will never be ours. We look with such longing to you on the earth who have the power within your hands to exalt: with what jealousy we watch the hours of your days slip through your fingers in unimportant tasks which will neither save nor exalt. You chosen ones of Israel, the power of the priesthood has been given to you: the sealing ordinances of the temple; the promise of a share in his kingdom and all that is his. These are the blessed promises! But we are your dead! The Lord has said that you cannot be saved without us. Help us then to gain our salvation and thereby gain an assurance of your own.

I was born in the year 1794 in what was known in Canada as United Empire Loyalist land. My father, John Ross, was born in Kincardine, Rosshire, Scotland, and came with my mother Elspeth Munro, from Scotland in 1773. They settled on the land of Sir John Johnston in the Mohawk Valley in New York state. Upon the outbreak of the Revolution my father joined the royalist forces of Sir John Johnston in the Royal Regiment of New York.

After the Revolution my mother and he came to Canada and were given a grant of land in a Scotch settlement in what was known as the county of Glengarry, Ontario. It was here I grew up.

Our settlement was small, and life for the pioneer was a constant struggle with the elements. The blister-



—Photo by Hal Ruml

Students from Brigham Young University at work in the genealogical society office seeking out the names of their dead ancestors.

ing heat of the summer parched our crops, and in the frigid cold of the winter our little world lay silent and white, blanketed down by the snows of a Canadian winter.

Although our settlement was small, it was a close-knit one with all of the clannishness of which the Scotch are capable. When the Munroes and the MacDonalds, the Grants and the Rosses gathered together on long, wintry nights, the wail of the pipes echoed across the wintry skies. Their wail brought warmth into the heart and limb of every Scotchman within ear's distance. Young and old danced to the wild old tunes as the music shrilled across the lonely, white wilderness which was our homeland.

I remember the rides through the snow to the little Kirk of Scotland at Williamstown and the kindness of the big Scotch preacher, the Reverend John Bethune. I sat on the hard bench and listened with eagerness to his words. There was always the feeling—more—he should say more! I would hear the sweet wail of the organ play out the familiar old tunes and with a shivering delight my imagination would soar, and I would see the prophets of old—David and his harp, Moses and the pillar of fire. Sometimes Elijah would march into my dreams, rising in glory to the heavens. Mine was an imaginative, religious nature. It was this quality of mind which made a log cabin in a wilderness a tolerable place in which to live.

In 1804 a flurry of excitement came to our settlement. There was to be a new group of arrivals from Scotland—more MacDonalds, Rosses, MacMartins, Munroes, and Grants. The settlers awaited the new arrivals with great eagerness. The news of home and family across the seas brought a glow to their cheeks, and the pipes played shrilly for many weeks in celebration.

Among the new arrivals was a boy. His name was Kenneth MacLennan. His father, Alexander, settled the lands next to ours. The Rosses and the MacLennans became close friends. Jenet Ross and Kenneth MacLennan were later married in the little Kirk of Scotland by the Reverend John Bethune.

How the years hurried by after this. We wrestled with our little farm in Apple Hill until it came to yield bountifully of the necessities of life. Spring found us busy in the fields, working to plant that we might harvest. Summers were spent over hot stoves preparing the fruits for the stillroom—black currant preserves, jam made from gooseberries, cheeses to be ripened, soap to be made. Winter found us isolated and lonely but warm in the companionship we shared.

Children came—Hugh, Kenneth, Little John, Big John, Alexander, Jenet, Mary. As the family grew, our log cabin expanded into a fine wood house.

(Continued on page 173)

CALIFORNIA CHAPEL AFTER A DISASTRO

"If it Doe



WHILE firemen were watering down a heap of smoldering ruins and flames were still simmering at the year-old Covina-Glendora chapel in southern California, two saddened bishoprics met on the lawn and outlined plans for a new ward home.

These six stout-hearted men had done all they could to help five California fire companies battle an early morning blaze. Nothing more could be done. Their beautiful \$150,000.00 chapel lay in ruins. Smoke-filled eyes and heavy hearts did not dim their vision nor daunt their courage. They saw a gleaming new structure where the charred ruins now stood; they saw a challenge; and they accepted it. Before the embers were cool, contractors were inside the fire-gutted building measuring for a new structure.

That was Thursday, December 16. One month later—Sunday, January 16—a new edifice stood! Beautiful, gleaming, and serviceable as before, truly a monument to the courage, determination, and zeal of a band of Saints as devoted as the pioneers who blazed the rugged trails a century ago to bring the restored gospel westward.

Actually the structure was rebuilt in twenty-five days from the approval of plans by the Church building committee. Bishop Jack West of Glendora Ward headed the building committee, and Bishop J. Frederick Pack of Covina Ward served as executive secretary. They rallied workers from both wards, appointing foremen to direct the giant rebuilding task. At one time there were at work on the



—Photos Courtesy Times-Mirror

(Upper) December 16, 1954, after the fire that destroyed the Covina-Glendora wards chapel. (Lower) Twenty-five working days later, January 16, 1955, the first meetings were held in the rebuilt chapel.

premises more than one hundred men, women, and children.

A general contractor by trade, Bishop West secured bids from subcontractors. All of the low bids came from craftsmen who had worked on the original structure, setting some sort of building record by erecting the first Covina chapel in eighty-four days. Now, as then, they marveled at the industry of the Mormons. Again they caught the spirit and enthusiasm of the Latter-day Saints.

When the professional crew left work for the Christmas holiday weekend they were short seventeen giant trusses of the seventy needed to span the width of the recreation hall. Upon their return Monday morning they found the work so far advanced that it required only three hours to set

the entire seventy trusses in place. By nightfall the roof sheeting was finished, and neighbors returning home from a day's work were awed at the speed in which the building took shape.

One carpenter said, "I no more than get a piece of lumber sawed than they've got it nailed in place."

A standing order was, "If it doesn't move, paint it!"

The firm engaged to manufacture the rounded-glass chandelier to hang in the spacious entranceway said it would take at least three months to build, but this company would try to get it done sooner. It was delivered three days before re-opening services!

California's winter rains came just seconds before the last roofing nail

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

RISES IN 25 DAYS
US FIRE

sn't Move, Paint it"

by Ned Redding

was pounded in place. Tar pots were sputtering but the roofing contractor continued until the job was finished. Failure here could easily have cost thousands of dollars in repair. The nearest thing to disrupting the schedule came forty-eight hours before the completion date, when three doors separating the chapel from the recreation hall failed to arrive. The subcontractor could not bring himself to believe that the rest of the building would be ready for him at the time delivery of the doors was specified. These huge sliding doors, nearly the height and width of the building itself, are something no supply house carries in stock. A frantic call was made by Bishop West to all of the carpenters urging that they report back on the job posthaste. One door was completed in five hours, with men working from seven o'clock to midnight Friday. All day Saturday the crew worked on the remaining two doors, finishing them in time for the services Sunday.

Co-operation and speed were ex-



—Photo, California Intermountain News
Ray Peterson, Glenn Dean, and Jess Dean at work on the roof of new chapel. It required but ten days to finish the roofing job.

hibited on all sides. A company furnished the window frames on the original building, but they were two weeks late with that order. This time they would do better, they said, because the merchandise was in stock at their Oakland, California, plant and they could make immediate delivery. This they did. It was discovered upon delivery, however, that the frames were the wrong size. None would fit! Worst of all, there were none of the proper size available in the western states, but they were soon expressed from the factory.

People of all faiths co-operated. A Baptist who helped with the cement work, said, "That's the first time I ever worked on a Mormon church. I've got to admit—it felt rather good." A Methodist helped put in the foundation; a Presbyterian worked on the walls; and a young Catholic donated his services as a plasterer.

Ministers and priests made personal visits to the ward offering their churches as housing during the construction period.

As the new organ was shifted into place just hours before the re-opening services were set to begin, Marjorie Pack, ward organist, touched the keyboard, sending resounding strains of "Come, Come, Ye Saints" throughout the chapel. Everyone paused in his work a moment, then burst into rousing cheers—everyone including the sub-contractors and professional craftsmen, for they all realized the organ music signified that their building was within hours of being ready for occupancy.

Sunday morning arrived, and the chapel was ready. One thousand persons jammed its walls and with bowed heads and deep humility gave thanks to Him for their new ward home.

Art Beck points out a rough spot to Bishop J. Frederick Pack, who is using sander, while Bishop Jack West watches.

—Photos, California Intermountain News



Elden Ord, who was in charge of landscaping for the burned-out chapel, returns to do the same for the new one. Here he fills the wheelbarrow for Guy Lyons.



... Tom? Tom Who? Don't ask me, for I don't know. And don't ask Tom, for he doesn't know either. If you can help Tom find the "who" in his name, you will win his everlasting gratitude.

A Father's Blessing

by William R. Palmer

—Photographs by H. Armstrong Roberts

BUT WHAT is a name anyway? Why worry about so simple a matter? There are millions of them, and a man can help himself or he can even create a new one if he does not like the assortment before him. Why not make it Tom Davis or Jones or Smith or Brown or even Tom Doe and be brother to the famous John? Any of them will serve every purpose of a surname. Any of them can be used to endorse checks, sign payrolls, or vote on election day.

Tom—my Tom—knew all about that, for he had been using all of those names and others for the more than thirty years he had been drifting around the world on his own. For a long time he was just Tom, because he didn't have to sign any payrolls or endorse any checks, and he had stayed nowhere long enough to vote. The importance of a full name had not arisen with any particular insistence in his way of life.

But Tom, by the time I met him, had come to know that a name is something a man should own, not appropriate, and to be of greatest service it should be constant. It should not be Davis one time and Jones another because a man, even a fellow who drifts around and does not get anchored makes friends and acquaintances wherever he goes, and they have him labeled by the name he used when they met him. Sometimes such friends ran into Tom unexpectedly and embarrassed him by saying, "Hello Davis," when he was going by the name Smith or Brown. Then again, he could not always remember when he went back to a town, the name he had used when he was there before. Worse than all,

people always attributed sinister motives to his change of names.

There are men who find an assortment of names convenient and very useful. They have private reasons of their own for using them, but Tom was not that sort. He had never had occasion or reason to hide from the law. Tom was honest and peaceful, and he had never been involved in any criminal affairs, so it was not for any shady reasons that he was sometimes Davis and sometimes Smith or Jones. The fact was that Tom had no surname of his own, so, when he had to use one, he took the first that came to his mind.

When I first met this interesting man, he was broke and hungry and had come to me to ask for help which I was able to supply. He was about forty-five years old, clean in appearance for a tramp, and he had a soft voice and respectful manner that made our interview pleasant. One saw at first glance that he was not the common road variety of Weary Willie.

It was necessary for him to sign a voucher for what I was giving him, and he just wrote the name Tom. I handed it back and said, "Tom who? Please complete your signature." He looked me squarely in the face for a moment and answered, "I don't know who. I would give everything I own to know who I am."

My first thought was that I had a case of amnesia, one of those rare cases of forgotten identity, on my hands. I inquired if he had suffered an accident to his head or had forgotten who he was and where he came from. He said, no, it was nothing like that for he never had a name to forget. He said Tom was the only name he had ever known that was his own, and he didn't know how he got that.

"He is heir to my name with all it stands for, and he is heir to my possessions."

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA





The father and mother who are sincere in their obligations will take time to enjoy life's simple pleasures along with their children.

Conscious life began for Tom in an orphanage in an eastern city. There were quite a few children there. The matron called him Thomas, but the children called him Tommie or Tom. No mother or father ever came to see him or ever sent him presents like some of the other children received, and no one ever spoke to him about his father and mother. He was ten or twelve years old before he knew much about the actual human kinships. Then he began to wonder about his own.

Tom thought he was about fourteen when he ran away from the institution, but he was not sure because he was small for his age. He probably looked younger than his age, but he never knew really how old he was or when his birthday came. He managed somehow to get through the big city and out into the country. He kept going, since he didn't want to go back to the orphanage. He came at last to another city where he spent a few tough days, before a tavern keeper became his friend. This man obtained for him a job selling papers, and he allowed the boy to sleep on a padded bench by the stove in the back room. For this privilege Tom did janitorial work.

Tom listened to men who had been everywhere. The stories of the west-

ern mining camps interested him most. He thought he was sixteen or seventeen years old when he resolved to go west. After a time he found himself in the copper camp of Anaconda, Montana.

Here Tom took his first real job working in the mines, and it was here also that he learned that a man needed two names. When pay day came, he had to have a surname before his check could be made out. The first name that came to his mind was Davis, the man for whom he had worked back east. From then on for the year that he spent in Anaconda he was Tom Davis.

But he knew his name was not Davis, and after he left that place there was no need for him to use it any longer. When he had to use a surname again, he gave the first name that came to his mind. For the next ten years he made a sort of game of seeing how many names he could pass under. It amused him to be Davis and Jones and Smith and Brown.

At last something happened that put Tom under suspicion and drove him to a realization of the fact that the promiscuous use of names was not smart practice. He found that it was not convincing to explain that he did that just for fun. He learned to his

sorrow that there was nothing funny about it. When I knew him he was sticking consistently with Davis when he had to use two names because there was a tangible man behind that, and he could explain it, but Tom had come to realize that he had no legal right to use even that name.

But again, why the fuss about such a common thing as a name? What is in a name? It made little difference how Tom got the name Tom, but it made a vast difference how he got the others for they *belonged* to somebody else, and they *did not belong* to him. Tom was a man wholly detached from society. There were no stimulating incentives such as comes from relatives and a worthy family history, for him. It made scarcely any difference to anybody what he did.

The christening of a baby in our Church is spoken of as a father's blessing. Why? Tom better than anyone else could answer that. About the greatest blessing that a father can confer upon his child is to acknowledge him before the world and establish thus his identity. That fact is painfully recognized when a child is named whose paternity is not known or not acknowledged. It has to go under the surname of its mother

(Concluded on page 170)

WHEN Joseph Smith announced that the very first words of the Bible had been edited and their meaning changed by "an old Jew without any authority," he knew whereof he spoke.³³ Not that the manipulation of that particular passage has been definitely proven—there is not yet enough evidence, one way or the other—but that the common practice of such manipulation has of recent years become an established fact, thanks to the labors of Kahle and others. The work of the Masoretes, far from being, as it was meant to be, the final and definitive fixing of the sacred text for all time, simply laid the groundwork for new and daring "reconstructions."

For the Masoretic text in its turn suffered the usual process of deterioration until, in the sixteenth century, Jacob ben Chaiyim set himself to the task of rescuing it from the state of corruption into which it had fallen: "He was convinced that there was only one correct Masora—the Masora compiled by himself—and that the text arranged by him according to this Masora was the very text which had been established by the great Masoretic authorities of Tiberias." . . .³⁴ And so scholars accepted Jacob ben Chaiyim's text as the one authoritative one; and when through the ensuing four centuries, older and better texts turned up and showed wherein ben Chaiyim had been wrong, what did the scholars do—correct him? Far from it: they corrected the ancient manuscripts to agree with ben Chaiyim! His hasty, superficial, and hopelessly out-of-date text "has been regarded as the only authoritative text up to the present day."³⁵ In the nineteenth century Baer made the most notable effort to restore the pure Old Testament. His method was simple and effective: from all the material before him he "selected . . . what he regarded as 'correct' and what differed he declared to be 'corrupt,' 'incomplete,' or 'in confusion.' . . . But Baer not only selected what he regarded as the 'correct' text from the material at his disposal, he also freely altered reading of his manuscripts when they did not give what he regarded as 'correct.'³⁶ So when confronted by valuable old manuscripts or even by texts corrected by the great ben Asher himself, Baer's disciples firmly rejected them, since

Controlling the Past

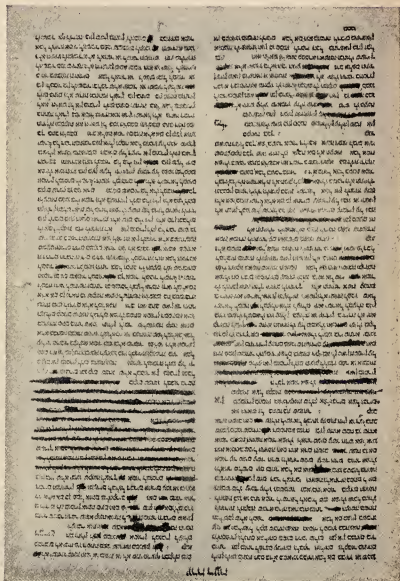
by Dr. Hugh Nibley
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

PART III

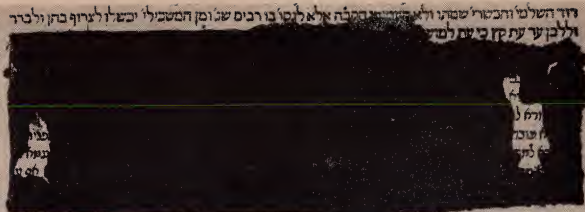
they differed from Baer's hypothetical reconstruction of them.³⁷ It is not as one might suppose, the discovery of new and revealing manuscripts that controls and guides the thinking of the scholars; it is their thinking that controls the discoveries. "They approach the texts," wrote Father Deimel, the Sumerian expert, "with a preestablished and ready-made system, and then force them to conform to this bed of Procrustes."³⁸ Even when the scholars have "gnashed their teeth and accepted" new discoveries, according to Housman, they have been prompt to make it appear that such findings were no surprise to them, "and the history of scholarship is mutilated to save the face of those who have impeded progress."³⁹

Anyone who thinks Kahle may have exaggerated should consult Goldschmidt's introduction to his standard edition of the Babylonian Talmud. Over 400 years ago Daniel Bomberg brought out the first complete printed text of the Talmud. It was widely circulated and became the "standard text." But in the ensuing centuries, as might be expected, vast numbers of ancient Talmud manuscripts have been discovered, texts entirely unknown to Bomberg and differing very widely from his text as well as among themselves. Even without these discoveries it is apparent that the Bomberg text swarms with mistakes" obvious even to the

casual reader. In the face of this, one would expect all kinds of new and improved editions of the Talmud, since Bomberg claimed no more divine inspiration than any other editor. But not a bit of it! His text had been accepted by the doctors and that settled the matter forever. "All subsequent editions have been virtually stereotype copies of the first," Goldschmidt tells us, and so is his! He brushes aside all the great manuscript discoveries—out of respect for the received text he will not even consider them.⁴⁰ If even the most obvious blunder in the Bomberg edition can possibly be justified by any argument, Goldschmidt retains it without comment; if it cannot be justified he still lets it stand but makes a modest suggestion in a footnote. "The present



A CAREFUL CONTROL JOB: Comparison of this with less damaged copies of the same text shows that we have here a studious inking out of any passage or word that might possibly be construed to cast disrespect on the Christians or heighten the prestige of the Jews.



פרק שנים עשר

אל

ועל כל לב שבוטח המשיח ויבטל דבר כמנהגו של עולם ואיח שם חידוש סמקתה בראשית
אל עולם כמנהגו נחמד וזה שם כשעור ורוב עמ כש עמ נר דרך משל חידוש ענין הדבר
שדיו ישראל וישקן לבסח עמ רשען אומות העולם המסוללים לאבד נגד שם ואב ערבות יסודם
וגבר טוקר על עריות ודיווח שבתב כרם לית האבס ולא ימול ולא ישיחו לא ואכל דבר המותר בנחת
עם ישראל ואחר כך באר וכל וכן כל ברוחא ברברא האלה הכתוב ב' בעין המשה משה' הם ויבטי המשה
ויראת לה דר הנפול וסח ענין רשען ברוח אסור הכמל' אן כן תעולם חות ליס המשה וא עקביר מכל
בלבד יצא ממשקן של דברי תנאים שבתחילת ימות המשה ותלד מלחמת נגד ונפגד ושקור' מלחמת נגד
ונגד יקדש נסא לשר' לרובם שם חתא אבד שרלה לבם את אלהות תבול' בא יום תגדול ודגור' אוני
בא לא למסחמור ודחור' המסא ר'א למסא אנש' שם בחוקת כשיות ולא להכש' אות' שחזוק' מסורין
אל ארשם סלוק בעולם שם והשבי לב אבות' על' בגים וכן יש מן החכמים שאימ' ש'קורם בואת חסד' המשה
יבא אלהות וכל אלו הדברים וכוונת כחם לא ידע אדם היא' דיו ערשיו' שרבים סחור' הם אצל תנאים
והכמלא' להם קבלת ברברא' ר'א לשר' חסר' הפקוס' ר'א ש' ש'לח מסור' ברכים אלו תל כל ענינם אן
סודור היות דבר אלו ולא הקדוקים עקור ולא יתקנס ארם ברברא העדות ולא יאריך ברברא המדרשות
והמסור' בענין אלו וכוונת כחם ולא יסמ' עקרי' שנים מביא' לר' אבסח' ולא לר' יצא' וכן לא חשב
הקדש' אסור' חכמים תח' חתם של חשב' קדש' אל אסח' וסאן' בכל דבר' כמו שכתב' : כים

HEAVY-HANDED CONTROL OF THE PAST: An official censor inked out a passage in a volume of Maimonides (Venice, 1551). The Jewish owner of the book then wrote what he could of the passage from memory in the margin on the left. Later a surprise inspection by another censor inked out this reconstruction, and probably cost the offender a heavy fine.

edition," he announces with pride rather than shame, "is thus an exact reproduction of the first Bomberg edition; all other readings, even those which are obviously more correct, are put in footnotes as variant readings, the text itself remaining untouched." The official stamp of approval has so sanctified a text which the doctors themselves describe as extremely inaccurate and poorly substantiated that "no Talmud authority would accept as reliable any text 'improved' from the manuscripts or by scholarly judgment, or even recognize such as a Talmud text at all."⁴¹ Though it is hard for the layman to believe that such things can be, they are the rule rather than the exception.

The rigorous and arbitrary censorship of ancient texts belongs to the common heritage of all the "people of the book," being an established

routine in every age. Antiochus ordered all copies of the Jewish scriptures burned, and pronounced the death penalty on anyone guilty of possessing a copy.⁴² Diocletian passed a like law against all Christian writings, and Constantine followed his example by condemning to death anyone guilty of possessing writings by the heretics Porphyry or Arius.⁴³ In 449 Theodosius and Valentinian passed a law that "all that . . . any person may have written against the pious religion of the Christians be committed to the flames wherever found."⁴⁴ Accordingly Bishop Theodoret of Cyprus can boast of having collected and destroyed in his diocese more than two hundred copies of the diatessaron New Testament.⁴⁵ When it was officially decided (for party reasons) that Ephraim should be "regarded as the classical Syrian poet,

all older forms of Syrian poetry were regarded as imperfect and were destroyed."⁴⁶ The Arabs, raised up in the same tradition, upon fixing the final text of the Koran, so carefully destroyed all other texts that for 1200 years it was possible to maintain that the accepted text was the very one dictated by the Prophet, though today, we know that it was nothing of the sort.⁴⁷ In this wholesale destruction of texts to control the past, it is precisely the religious who are least troubled by qualms of conscience, "for how" asks Eusebius, "could a man who writes against the Christians do anything but lie?"⁴⁸

But usually the violent economy of wholesale book burning is not necessary to control the past. Skilful officials avoid it as the brutal and straightforward technique of soldiers and governors, and a risky business in the bargain—for there is no telling what slippery or forgotten pages might escape the flames, and the subsequent discovery of such has sometimes proved very embarrassing. The shrewd administrator can exercise an equally crippling censorship simply by condemning certain items

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The Way of the Church

CONTROLLING THE PAST

(Continued from preceding page)

wherever they appear, as when Theodosius ordered all his subjects to consider "any laws or rescripts alleged in the favor of heretics as either fraud or forgery."⁴⁹

To prove that an order is *fraudulent* one needs no further evidence than that the party doesn't like it: it is not distasteful to the party because it is a forgery, but is automatically declared a forgery because it is distasteful. Acting on this principle, modern scholars tried to decide whether the account of the Council of Sinuessa was spurious or not solely on the grounds of whether its acceptance would do the Church more harm than good.

One school accepted it as genuine *because* it said something they thought highly favorable to the Roman Church; the other school condemned it *because* it said something else which they thought very damaging. The whole problem was whether the story was more favorable to the Church than otherwise—in which case it would be automatically accepted as true. Hefele finds the damage greater than the benefit, and so declares it false.⁵⁰ With such principles to guide him, the clever scholar in his office of *editor* can make the past out to be pretty much what he wants it to be.

The voluminous writings of Ambrose are, according to Leander, full of things "that differ from the catholic sense," being "by no means in agreement with sound doctrine." Accordingly, every such statement was to be regarded automatically as apocryphal and removed from the text by a special committee appointed by the Pope in 1580.⁵¹ Does that sound naive? No less a sophisticated intellectual than Gilson begins his philosophical investigation of God with the announcement, "If we believe by faith that God has spoken, since what God says is true, all that contradicts the word of God can, and must, be at once excluded as false."⁵² Is it at all surprising then that M. Gilson ends up by proving his faith, since all his arguments *must* conform? He is in the position of a man who declares as an article of faith that any coin when tossed will always come down heads. This being the true faith, anything that contradicts it, such as those times when a coin comes down tails, "can and *must*

be excluded as false."⁵³ The religious censor is thus not troubled by conscience, and, once he is thoroughly conversant with the party line, has a very easy time of it.

A subtle and very effective form of censorship is the *silent treatment*. "It is permitted," writes St. Augustine, "for the purpose of building up religion in things pertaining to piety, when necessary, to conceal whatever appears to need concealing; but it is not permitted to lie, of course, and so one may not conceal by way of lying."⁵⁴ The distinction is too fine, for silence can be very mendacious. The celebrated Duchesne, according to his biographer, M. Leclercq, was honest, open, and impartial in all the questions of church history *that he treated*, "but he would not handle all the questions: for example, he built a wall around the life of Jesus and the founding of the church, and he would not allow anyone to approach it. . . . He would not tolerate any discussion or any hesitation on that subject." Yet the whole labor of his life was "to prove the validity of the Church's historic claims,"—and the whole burden of the proof rests in the life of Jesus and the foundation of the Church, the two subjects of which he would tolerate no examination, even by himself!⁵⁴ Recently (1952) the *Knights of Columbus Foundation for the Preservation of Historical Documents in the Vatican Library* sent out a brochure announcing its admirable project of microfilming the entire contents of the Vatican Library and housing the films in a special building in St. Louis. Only not quite all of the mighty collection was to be thus preserved: "The documents which the Church has been collecting for nearly 20 centuries," reads the announcement, "include, of course, the ecclesiastical records from the earliest Christian era. These are housed separately in the Vatican Archives and are not to be microfilmed." Why not? one asks with surprise; and the answer is a shocker: ". . . as they are not of general interest to scholars."

Now anyone who consults the card index of any of our big libraries can quickly discover that precisely "the earliest Christian era" has been the subject of more books and studies than all the other centuries combined. If "the ecclesiastical records from the earliest Christian era" cast anything

like a favorable light on the case of the Roman Church, we could long since have expected to see them splashed on the covers of some national magazines, not "housed separately" and withheld from circulation. "Not of general interest to scholars," indeed! The editors of the *Patrologia* are more ingenuous when they explain their failure to include certain important texts in what purports to be a complete collection of sources: "The editors have not published these three letters because of certain calumnies against the pope."⁵⁵

The silent treatment is recommended however, only in dealing with powerfully unco-operative documents. It is usually possible to control a text simply by weeding out the objectionable matter here and there instead of condemning whole books. Why destroy all the letters of Cyprian because some of them refute Roman claims? You only need declare the unfavorable ones forgeries, as Archbishop Tizzani did, and accept all the others. When Rufinus of Aquileia, translating early Christian texts at the end of the fourth century, comes upon passages presenting the peculiar and unacceptable doctrines of the early Christians, especially concerning God, he simply leaves those passages out, as he explains with disarming frankness.⁵⁶ When he is translating Origen and finds his text saying something with which he does not agree, he just naturally assumes, he tells us, that Origen never wrote any such thing and either rewrites the offending passage or strikes it out altogether!⁵⁷ When Eusebius finds anything in the records of Constantine's life which might not make edifying reading (and there is plenty!), he deliberately omits such improper stuff, he explains, lest it detract from the glory of his subject.⁵⁸ In the same way, the biographers of Mohammed boast that they have eliminated all offensive passages and accepted into their histories only such material as will cast luster upon the name and reputation of the Prophet.⁵⁹

Sometimes, however, one can preserve an entire text almost intact simply by inserting a single syllable into it—the little word "not." Though a powerful censor, this tiny word comes so near to being nothing in itself, that editors apparently think

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



Live in the Future and Stay YOUNG

by Louise Bertbold

SOME MEN look forward to the day when they can "take it easy" but to my husband, Ern, who has worked continuously (with the exception of a few days off infrequently for minor illnesses) from the time he was nineteen until he was retired, the prospect of the *easy* life was drab and unthinkable. He is still as full of nervous energy as a parakeet, and I once heard him say with a grin, "It'll be time to think of 're-tiring' when the tires on our car wear thin. I've seen too many of my friends retire only to start having all sorts of ailments and some of them even to die of frustration. My recipe for staying young is to work as long as I can and to live in the future."

With such an attitude, when Ern recently reached what is generally conceded to be "retirement age," he stepped from one job to another without even a vacation and is starting a new career in an advertising agency where his thirty-five years' experience in advertising and his mature judgment will be valuable and appre-

ciated. He chose this course deliberately. He has been at his new job several months now, and he is happy, alert, and full of new ideas; his step is quick and springy, and he is looking forward to at least ten more useful, constructive years.

Now, I know there is another side to this argument. Some might say, "When a man works hard all his life he is entitled to rest and recreation in his later years. He should go fishing, play golf, travel, have hobbies." Well, where one man might be happy sitting for hours on a river bank with a pole in his hand waiting for a bite or striking a ball around a golf course, Ern would soon be bored to distraction by such a life. As for travel which we both enjoy immensely, we'll get plenty of that taking short trips for the advertising agency and longer pleasure trips during vacation periods. And we are firm believers in hobbies at *any* age; we share several interesting ones, among them writing, music, collecting sun glass, and gardening.

—An H. Armstrong Roberts Photo

I realize there is still another side to the argument. Many men and women of sixty-five may be physically unable to continue working day in and day out for a business firm, but that does not mean that they cannot still use their mental faculties productively.

I know one woman, a retired schoolteacher, who, although crippled with arthritis, coaches at home. Another older woman does typing and bookkeeping at home, and still another bakes cakes and makes artificial flowers.

And just to prove that ambition and looking toward the future are not confined to youth, I have an eighty year old friend, a former character actress, who is taking a course in television script writing at one of our local universities.

That brings up another subject. One of the greatest joys and advantages now offered to the older person is the opportunity to go back to school. Our colleges are full of older people taking courses in subjects that appeal to them—some have even earned the college degrees they always yearned to possess. At one of our state colleges an eighteen-year-old girl, her mother, and her grandmother were all attending school at one time. And guess who made the highest grades? Why, the grandmother, of course!

I believe the greatest foe to happiness in the later years is selfishness—the tendency to live within one's self. If we give out warmth and sympathy and tolerance—if we keep our minds and hearts open to the needs of others—the bread we cast upon the waters will come back cake. One of my friends who is around my age spends two days a week working with the patients at a veterans' hospital; another works with a group of children suffering from cerebral

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The Taming of Tessa

by Elsa Pedersen

As SLIM HAMMOND brought the power scow alongside the dock of the little Alaska fishing port, Tessa deftly flung a line around a piling and made the end fast on a bow cleat. She rushed to the stern and made another line fast to the dock before the scow could swing out with the current. Her father cut the engine and came out of the pilot house. He eyed the lines, nodded in approval.

"I'm going to miss my deckhand," he remarked lightly.

Abruptly Tessa's high spirits dampened. Her face, flushed and laughing a moment before, darkened with unhappiness. Her eyes, startlingly blue against the tan of her face, lost their dancing glint and were suddenly shadowed with pain.

"Please, Dad . . .," she began pleadingly.

"No." Slim Hammond's tone was final, and his kindly, weather-beaten face set in an expression of determination.

When Tessa saw the straight, firm set of his mouth, she knew there was no appeal. She turned away to hide her quivering chin, so did not see her father's face soften.

He crossed the deck swiftly and threw a comradely arm around her shoulders. They were near the same height and in her faded jeans and shirt, her tangled blonde hair caught under a jaunty baseball cap, Tessa looked like a slim young boy.

"I know you hate the idea of living in town this winter," Slim started gently. "But, Tessa, you can't spend the rest of your life in the woods with a bunch of loggers. You're fourteen, now. It's time you learned to be a young lady."

Tessa stared over the glittering, sun-drenched harbor with brimming eyes. Her throat was tight with pain, and even if she could speak she knew it was no use. All summer long she had tried to change her father's mind, using every argument she could muster. Finally he had lost patience and



declared flatly that no matter how she felt, she would have to spend the winter in school at Seldovia.

"Hey, there! Aren't you coming ashore?"

Father and daughter raised startled faces to see an old man peering over the edge of the dock. His face was seamed and wrinkled, his twinkling eyes framed in horn-rimmed glasses that fastened to his head with a string, the ear pieces broken. White hair covered his head with a thick, curly thatch, and altogether he looked like a saucy and impish bird.

"Hello, Mr. Tanner," Slim cried jovially. "Sure, we'll be right up, soon as we get Tessa's duds unloaded."

"Better hurry up," the old man chirped. "Mother's all a-dither at the idea of having a youngster in the house this winter. She was baking a sponge cake when I spotted you coming into the harbor."

At the thought of Mrs. Tanner's bounteous table, Tessa brightened.

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Mr. Tanner had brought a hand truck and when it was loaded with her baggage, the three of them started up the boardwalk.

She managed a shaky grin or two as she helped set her bags on deck, then made the heaving line fast so her father could haul them up on the dock. Mr. Tanner had brought a hand truck and when it was loaded with her baggage the three of them started up the boardwalk.

Seldovia was not unfamiliar to Tessa. She had visited the town often over the years, coming with her father to get mail and supplies for his logging camp. Now that the town was to be her home for the winter, however, she looked at it with different eyes.

The boardwalk that was the main street rambled along the edge of the water, spanning sometimes the beach or rocky outcroppings, sometimes the harbor water itself. In places the edge of the slopes crowded close to the walk, while elsewhere the land widened so that both sides of the walk were lined with buildings.

Between buildings, the boardwalk was enclosed by handrails on each side. In a place where the walk widened a trio of girls perched on the railing, chattering with a couple of boys. Their voices and high laughter pierced the calm autumn air, and as she came closer Tessa eyed them covertly.

The three were dressed alike in full, flowered skirts and dainty blouses. Their hair was artfully curled and bedecked with ribbons and glittering ornaments. As she passed them, they fell silent, and Tessa felt big and awkward, ashamed suddenly of her worn jeans and clumsy shoepaks. When she was past and their tinkling laughter again arose, she flushed, positive they were joking about her.

Mrs. Tanner welcomed the Hammonds with maternal joy and showed her affection typically by the spread of a festive lunch. Tessa and her

father ate ravenously, their hunger sharpened by the six-hour boat trip. When they had finished, Slim pushed back from the table abruptly.

"Well, I'd better be on my way. I want to catch the tide home."

"So soon?" Tessa cried with dismay. "I'll walk down to the dock with you."

Her father's eyes met Mrs. Tanner's with a veiled look of protest. Mrs. Tanner spoke hastily.

"You don't want to say good-bye to your father on the dock with everybody watching," she said gently.

Again the grief welled up in Tessa, and she wanted to beg to be taken back to the woods and the old familiar life. She knew it was no use. His mind was made up, and none of her arguments would change him.

She watched him stride down the boardwalk and tried to hide her streaming face. Already she ached with homesickness for the logging camp, and she wondered for the hundredth time why her father thought it was so undesirable, even though she had no mother to counsel her.

"You'd better get your new clothes unpacked," Mrs. Tanner advised briskly. "School starts tomorrow, and we have a lot of pressing to do."

Listlessly Tessa turned away from the window. In her room she eyed the bundles stacked on her bed. They were the clothes she had chosen from the mail order catalog, dresses and underwear and a coat. Things that Mr. Tanner did not stock in his general store. Choosing and ordering had been fun, but now she was not interested.

"Can I watch you open your packages?"

Tessa turned with a start to see a black-haired little Indian girl standing in the doorway.

"Well, hello," Tessa said with a wavering grin at the wide eyes and eager curiosity of the little girl. "Who are you?"

"I'm Joyce," the girl explained impatiently. "I live back of the store. Mrs. Tanner said you'd let me watch you."

"Sure," Tessa agreed generously. "Here's the scissors. Do you want to cut the string?"

By the time her new finery was unpacked, pressed, and put away, Tessa felt that maybe the winter wouldn't be so bad after all. She set off for school the next morning in a skirt

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THE TAMING OF TESSA

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as gay and a blouse as dainty as those she had seen on the boardwalk, convinced that she looked just like all the other girls.

All day Mrs. Tanner watched the clock, worrying and wondering how the girl from the woods was getting along. When Tessa came storming up the walk in the afternoon, her glowering face and tense figure told at a glance that her experience was not a happy one.

She bypassed the kitchen, rushing through the living room straight to her bedroom. There she tore off her skirt and blouse, and pulled on the familiar old jeans and shirt. She ran her fingers through her hair, mussing its golden sheen into a more comfortable tangle. Then she went into the kitchen and sank onto a stool with a dejected sigh.

"It was awful, and I hate it," she declared defiantly in answer to Mrs. Tanner's questioning look.

"You shouldn't decide after only one day," Mrs. Tanner commented mildly.

"I'll never like it," Tessa answered flatly. "Pass me the jam, Joyce."

The little Indian girl who sat across the table pushed the jam pot, and Tessa spread a slice of bread fresh from the oven. She smiled absently at the little girl who was gazing at her with wide-eyed devotion.

"You know what the girls were talking about?" she demanded, then answered her own question. "Dances! Parties! I don't know how to dance."

"You could learn. I'm sure Billy would teach you."

Tessa gulped down the slice of bread and jam and started to spread another. "Billy? Oh, the boy who works in the store. He's in some of my classes." She chewed in reflective silence, thinking over the day.

"The teachers aren't bad," she admitted reluctantly in answer to another question. "They put me up one grade, said I'm ahead of my class because Dad tutored me. My English teacher, Miss Thatcher, seemed awfully nice."

A bright, interested look came into Mrs. Tanner's eyes, and she nodded in approval.

"That's fine. And you'll like the girls better, too, once you get acquainted."

"No, I won't," Tessa replied positively. "They're too silly. Come on, Joyce, let's go for a boat ride."

In spite of Mrs. Tanner's encouragement, Tessa did not make friends with her classmates. She thought them silly, and they felt her scorn and decided she was a snob. Tessa spent her free hours rowing around the harbor in Mr. Tanner's skiff with Joyce a delighted passenger or wandering along the beaches and trails that radiated from the little town.

Sometimes when business was rushing, she helped in the store. She wished Billy were friendlier, but he was indifferent, tolerating her as a pair of helping hands when there were many orders to put up.

One afternoon as she was leaving the schoolhouse, she was called back by her English teacher, Phyllis Thatcher.

"Tessa, would you like to come home with me tomorrow and have dinner?"

After her initial astonishment had passed, Tessa was delighted. Though she would not admit it, she was lonely. Mrs. Tanner was too old and Joyce too young to share her confidences. Maybe Phyllis Thatcher could help her with her problems.

Miss Thatcher had an apartment upstairs in one of the local homes. Tessa was excited and thrilled when her gay young teacher led the way upstairs. Out of the classroom Phyllis Thatcher shed her school-teacher's dignity, and became what she was, a young woman a few years out of college.

Tessa lost all feeling of shyness, and the apartment rang with laughter and gaiety as they prepared the meal together. Their merriment continued through the meal and the washing up, and Tessa felt truly happy for the first time since coming to Seldovia. Before the evening was over she was calling her teacher "Phyllis," and thrilled at the touch of an occasional friendly pat on the shoulder or an affectionate word.

When the dishes were washed and put away and Phyllis settled her guest on the living room sofa, she disappeared for a few minutes into the bedroom. When she reappeared, she had changed into a soft, flowing housecoat. She sank down beside Tessa, smiling at the admiration that glowed on the girl's face. A move-

ment of her hands caused a glitter, and Tessa's eyes followed the sparkle to a diamond ring on the teacher's left hand.

"Oh, you're engaged," Tessa exclaimed. "You're not going to quit teaching, are you?"

Phyllis Thatcher nodded. "At Christmastime." She paused for a moment, and Tessa had the impression she was groping for the right words. When she found them, Phyllis's voice was muted and careful.

"I'm going to marry your father, Tessa."

Tessa's jaw dropped as she stared at her teacher in dumbfounded amazement. The words erased the evening's enchantment. All she could think was that at the logging camp she was the pet, she was her father's darling. If he married, all that would be changed. She would no longer be first in his affections.

"No," she moaned in horror.

She struggled to her feet and gazed wildly around the room for her coat. Clutching it she groped for the door, then stumbled blindly down the stairs. Her mind whirling with confusion, she rushed down the silent boardwalk through the cold Alaska night.

Locked in her room, hidden from Mrs. Tanner's dismayed and troubled face, Tessa flung herself on the bed and stared at the ceiling. Her eyes were dry and glittered with anger. Her chin was set in a firm, hard line.

It was all a put-up job, this sending her to school in Seldovia, she thought bitterly. Her father wasn't worrying so much about her schooling as having her meet and like Phyllis Thatcher. He probably wanted her out of the logging camp, too, so he could fix things up to please his bride.

Mrs. Tanner was in on the plot, too; Tessa remembered her pleasure when she, Tessa, had said she liked Miss Thatcher. And the day her father left, Mrs. Tanner had restrained her from going to the dock with him. He wasn't going straight home, Tessa realized angrily. He wanted time to visit Phyllis Thatcher.

But why, why, why, Tessa wondered. Life was so pleasant before all this happened. She and her

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



—Photo by Charles Kanarjan

"There is an inner dignity in all of us that cries out for our every consideration, for every grace we can give it."

I WAS speaking about cycles to a prominent physician recently. Business has its various cycles—when business is good—when things begin to slump a little. Doctor said that he had his slow months, too. "Yes," he explained, "the summer months—the vacation months—as we have come to know them, are much quieter times for me, on the whole."

"Does that mean people are healthier in the summer?" I asked. He smiled. "It would seem that they are, somehow, or else they simply are too busy to be ill. You see, for most of them it is vacation time, and the relaxation from work, the planned happy times, the living out of doors, and complete change from the accustomed routine—all seem to make the average person feel much better."

I've been thinking about that quite a lot lately. People should have vacation periods in their lives more frequently. I know one fine professional man who is making it a rule to have a short vacation period every thirteen weeks! The change in his appearance is remarkable. He looks like a new man. He is taking time out for renewal.

Most of us can't afford to take a vacation that frequently. Most of us can't spare more than the two or three weeks away from our work that is the customary allotment. But we can have changes in our lives. We can have a change of routine daily, if we so desire.

You know that old idea of a new hat being a tremendous morale builder for a woman? It's true enough, too. Right in that same grouping is a change of hair style. And most of us in our extremely fatigued moments would give a great deal just to be able to get away from ourselves. We can't do that, but we can do something about changing ourselves.

I know a woman who has accomplished much in her life simply by changing her mealtimes. She lives in an apartment alone. One of its nicer features was a good-looking gate-leg table which she had kept pushed to one side of the room. This friend eats many meals alone, and they were becoming the "snatch" kind, and it was beginning to tell on her. Nervous stomach, improper weight—she was showing age much too fast. One evening she was looking out of her window at the church garden below her. The sun was setting, and the peace and beauty of that city garden took her away from her problems for a moment. Suddenly, she thought: Why don't I use this? Here are beauty and loveliness, all the charm of good living, and I grab my meal from the kitchen drainboard. Resolutely she went to work. She started to the hall closet for the card table when she saw the gate-leg table against the wall. Pushing it to the window, she placed her attractive candle holders on it. Then she went

A Change Is Good for You

by Esther Freshman

to her "keepsake" drawer and took out her daintiest "for company only" linen. It became fun. She served her meal with care, attractively. She prepared herself meticulously for dinner. Relaxed, expectant, receptive to the beauty at her table and out of her window, she spent a gracious mealtime. Now she looks forward to these periods of beauty; she is gradually beginning to share them with occasional guests.

There is an inner dignity in all of us that cries out for our every consideration, for every grace we can give it. Catered to, it repays us with quiet poise, assured confidence, calm nerves, a happy inward feeling that brings good in its wake.

Such simple changes in one's mode of living can do an immeasurable amount of good. You know the joke about women always wanting to change their living room furniture around? It's no joke; it comes from an inner subconscious compulsion that has a great deal of good behind it. We all need the humdrum of our lives shaken up a bit occasionally.

One of the great principles of education (and more emphasis could be put on it) is the worthy use of leisure time. Here is where hobbies and interesting avocations play an important part. A man's hobby has often proved to be his salvation. But the greatest benefit of it is the complete change-over to something delightfully absorbing, away from the workaday problems. A change is good, and the man with an interesting, attention-demanding hobby knows this.

In our city, a group of businessmen have an art club. No one of these men is a professional artist, but twice weekly the group meet with capable instructors. Some fine artists are being developed, but the great joy is in the complete relaxation from high-

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Wild Animals of

IN CROSSING the plains, the first pioneers became accustomed to hordes of bison, or buffalo as they are commonly called, yet as they entered the mountains they saw no more vast herds. They did notice signs, however, that bison had, even a few years before their arrival, inhabited the northern Utah region. Thus in describing what is now known as East Canyon, some twenty miles east of Salt Lake City, Orson Pratt, one of the original pioneers, in his diary under the date, July 19, 1847, wrote:

A fresh track of buffalo was discovered in this ravine; he had rubbed off some of his hair upon the brush in his path, probably the only one within hundreds of miles. (N. B. Lundwall, *Exodus of Modern Israel*.)

It is well that he used the pronoun "he" in referring to the animal, for this reason: when an old bull bison was at last driven from the herd by a young new champion, he wandered many miles away to spend his declining years in a state of truculent loneliness. He would thus sometimes stand an hour at a time, moan as if excreting the world, paw up the dust, and act as if about to charge his shadow.

Bison "chips" were used for firewood west of Kaysville, Utah, even in 1851, and a bison skull was picked up near Saltair, Utah, in 1898. The truth is, the bison was quite common over all of northern Utah until about 1832, when an extraordinary snow destroyed them in what Dr. William T. Hornaday, who wrote a monograph on the bison, told me was the greatest slaughter of these animals by natural causes ever known. There is evidence other than that of Orson Pratt that a few of the animals survived in the Green River region of

extreme northeast Utah until as late as 1850.

When on July 21, 1847, Orson Pratt and Erastus Snow viewed from Emigration Canyon the "warm, pulsating panorama" of the Salt Lake Valley and sometimes had to creep on hands and knees to get through labyrinths, they were "warned by the occasional rattle of a snake, through the thick underbrush." Rattlesnakes were common everywhere. Doctors were scarce, hence usually unavailable those self-reliant days. Some of those old-timers, especially miners, learned how to kill a rattlesnake by taking its strike on the sole of a heavy boot and then instantly stamping it to death.

One pioneer, in Nauvoo one night:

... went to the unfinished dugout in which they lived; and as she put her foot down in bed a rattlesnake bit her on the leg. They turned the bedding back and there was the rattlesnake coiled. They thought she would die, but they gave her new milk

and lard so that she was saved. (Claude T. Barnes, *The Grim Years*.)

That good woman was Susan Marriot, one of the founders of Marriotsville, near Ogden, Utah.

Indians threw beheaded rattlesnakes into their stew pots, as they did nearly every living creature they could capture; in fact, according to Lorenzo Young, one of the first incidents to attract the attention of the arriving pioneers was the sight of savages driving millions of black crickets into a brush-fence fire. Bancroft tells that:

Afterward they took them up by the thousands, rubbed off their wings and legs, and after two or three days separated the meat.

Later the Indians sometimes succeeded in selling ground, dried crickets as flour!

White-tailed deer in about 1850 were common in the Uintah mountains, the Wasatch mountains north of Provo, and in such swampy places as the Salt Lake City district from Ninth South to Bonneville Park. Only a few survive now, in the Green River region. This small deer prefers dense brush in wet places, such as that which used to exist at the mouth of Mill Creek Canyon.

Mule deer were fairly plentiful. Indeed, when in 1848 the fort of Great



Utah Pioneer Days

by Claude T. Barnes, F.Z.S.

Illustrated by Farrell R. Collett

Salt Lake City was being constructed, says Bancroft:

A herd of deer crossing from one range of mountains to another was startled by the unexpected obstruction of the fort, and one sprang into the enclosure and was killed.

Mule deer are apparently much more common in Utah than they were a hundred years ago, as none of the old timers told me of winter depredations of deer about homes such as we see today. This increase of deer has been due to closed seasons, the "buck-law," and the constant war against their chief natural enemy, the mountain lion. At first neither deer nor cattle hides could all be utilized. In fact, in January 1852, the leaders wrote:

Much leather was needed in this country, and many thousands of the best hides have rotted or been wasted, for want of sufficient help to erect tanneries.



"antelope," as it belongs to a different family) ranged over almost all of the valleys of Utah when the pioneers arrived, and the Indians had "drives" to capture them. Wapiti (erroneously called "clk") roamed in the mountains. Thus George Q. Cannon wrote that he

... succeeded in obtaining an elk skin, out of which, after smoking it, he had a pair of pantaloons made. ("Early Life in the Valley," *Juvenile Instructor*, vols. 6, 8, 9.)

These wapiti gradually disappeared until about 1925, when the only wild ones indigenous to Utah were seven head in the mountains above Kamas. Others were, of course, transplanted from Wyoming, beginning in 1912.

In early Utah both grizzly and black bear were so numerous as to occur sometimes in the valleys. Thus wrote Bancroft:

Three miles northwest of Ogden a settlement named Marriottsville was formed in 1850 by three families. The neighborhood was infested with wolves and bears, and nearby were the lodges of 200 Indian warriors.

A man named Graham in February 1863 was horribly mutilated and killed by a she-grizzly with cubs on the Logan River near Mendon, Utah, and James Hill's father saved himself from her infuriated charge by thrusting his rifle-barrel into her throat. This illustrates how in those days grizzlies came into the very valleys occupied by farms.

In fact, writing in 1875, J. L. Barfoot said:

It appears from observations made by our first settlers, that grizzlies and other bears, are becoming more numerous and destruc-

tive than they were when the first settlements of the Territory were made. ("Stories About Utah," *Juvenile Instructor*, vol. 10.)

I venture this explanation: a natural food of the grizzly was the bison, and, when the bison was being slaughtered by man to the point of extermination, the bears sought Utah cattle.

According to the best figures I have been able to obtain the two principal divisions of immigrants under Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball in 1848 brought with them to the Salt Lake valley: 2012 oxen, 983 cows, 334 loose cattle, 654 sheep, 131 horses, 116 mules, 904 chickens, 237 pigs, 54 cats, 134 dogs, 3 goats, 5 hives of bees, 10 geese, 5 ducks, 11 doves, 1 crow, and 1 squirrel. To this we may add 160 head of cattle driven in from California by Fuller and Lathrop in May 1848. It is little wonder that predatory wild animals made a rendezvous of Salt Lake City.

Not always did the pioneers distinguish between the wolf (*Canis lupus youngi*) and the coyote (*Canis latrans lestes*); but one can usually tell from the context of their observations. George Q. Cannon wrote:

The big gray wolves came down from the mountains in March 1848, and chased the cattle which were feeding on the east bench in sight of the fort. They succeeded in killing several head.

They must have been wolves, as coyotes are not ordinarily equal to killing grown cattle out grazing.

I do not find the name "coyote," which is a Mexican word, in any Utah writings prior to 1875. Its first use

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By July of the same year, however, they were able to write:

Tanneries have been commenced at most of the principal settlements, and at some two or three; and, after another season for peeling bark, the prospect will be good for a supply of domestic leather.

Thereafter many deer hides being obtained from Indians, buckskins was widely used for gloves and clothing ornamentation. In 1852 immigrants were requested to bring "shepherd dogs," much needed "in the valley."

The pronghorn (erroneously called

PERHAPS it was this living everlastingly under the strain of being a wife and mother on the western frontier and keeping warm in deep snows this winter of 1854 that exasperated Clarissa that late afternoon—or rather, the unceasing dreary color of life that had borne upon her since last December. The unbearable result was a thankless, grayness of outlook and a nothing-ever-happens-to-me attitude.

True, little New, her first-born, now advanced to a sturdy three by next fortnight, and already surminded Eli tugging at her skirts, were entirely unaware of their young mother's inner unrest. And most of all, her bronzed, angular, soldier husband, veteran of the two-thousand-mile march with the Mormon Battalion, and twice her age, was oblivious to the near terror that gripped her soul. It was that this thing had gone on and on, interminably, this unfulfilled promise that easier living could be arranged when the weather broke or extra food was available or the fort wall was completed or extra adobes molded for a little room for the children or even without food, or warmth; just time taken out as surcease from this eternal drudgery.

The children in the settlement, if pressed for a statement, couldn't have truthfully said they had known Christmas this six weeks gone. Certainly their elders vividly remembered the strain of that presentless day. On one side of the square was Mother West, whose sole offering for her three little daughters was one apple, carefully peeled, cored, and divided, as if on an assayer's scale. Down the way, where prosperity was more apparent, it was thoughtfully told that those children had little boxes made of bark filled with carrot sugar candy, and, in addition, Indian gloves of the whitest buckskin received in a trade last summer for a dog. In Clarissa's log home, the small sons began observing the holy day on their knees beside the bed of their father and mother in a fervent, heart-revealing prayer . . . to God who had preserved their lives for these three years beneath the shadows of the paragon-colored range in the south Pahvant Valley near the Little Salt Lake. All of this the good wife had wholeheartedly observed; for her faith, united with that of her parents, brother, and husband, together with the other twenty-eight families

IN TIME OF NEED

by *Irene Hanks Kingsbury*

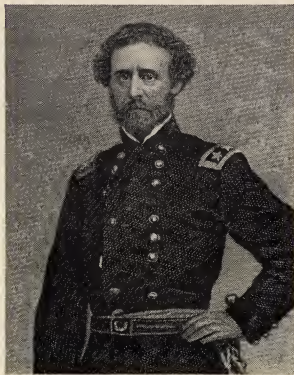
in the settlement, now called Parowan, was as enduring as the Rockies and as sustaining to the spirit as any milk and honey spoken of in the Book.

But surely, oblivion would overtake them; the outpost would succumb to the everlasting sage and saleratus beds and the valley facing march of the stunted cedar trees. What permanent force could these few score men and women exert on the vast expanse of earth, haze, and horizon? What of the fact that Clarissa's only bid to fame was the unique incident that she had become the mother of the first white boy born within the Iron County hills and valleys, and that they had ap-

snow beneath the edges driven, ice tramped to blocks beneath the anxious feet of sustaining husband and parents, quilts colder than her pain-numbed body, and impatient grumbings of the midwife. Baby Eli, closely followed into this earth life, fared better at his entrance—in the log lean-to her husband had built on the mountain at the east end of her father's cabin. One needed one less wall of timber that way, and the communal comfort of nearness strengthened her. Before pinenut gathering time the lean-to had been dismantled to augment the walls of their own one-room cabin discreetly removed to itself for privacy and dignity. Resolutions were made always to carry some of the logs to any future dwelling as a fitting symbol of their humble beginning in the red soil. How exciting it had been to mount the first thumb latch on her door, wrought by the hands of her husband, whose vocation was that of blacksmith, and whose avocation impelled him to forge the finest of brass and iron latches, hinges, andirons, shovels, and kettles.

All of which happened these long months gone; now it was February 1854—with her third child due in eight weeks—and each day counted painfully. By then April warmth would be replacing the cedar posts' pungent-odored heat.

Resolutely, she determined to look on the bright side of life. After all, why wish time alyfing when, for one thing the most talented guest of the whole settlement had shared their humble fare this very day. Carvalho, the artist of Frémont's ill-fated fifth expedition, had been rescued from the snows of the northern passes, saved from death, and restored to life and strength by a Latter-day Saint family. He had revived sufficiently to visit in Clarissa's household with his traveling companion, Egloffstein, the topographer, who had been nursed under her roof. These two men, still not well enough to travel across the desert with the expedition,



J. C. Frémont

appropriately blessed him "New"? Or that close to the beginnings of life, during the Nauvoo exodus she had heard the first cries of nine new souls born amid the tumult of storm and mob cries a thousand miles back at Sugar Creek off the Mississippi—smile now to remember that such a sweet name should be dared called to so tragic a scene.

LITTLE NEW came to her arms as she traveled in a wagon box placed in the newly surveyed square—



John Charles Frémont in the Rocky Mountains.

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were planning, rather, to go north to Salt Lake City. And their story was an historic saga to tell her grandchildren.

Little New, apprehensively, childishly motioning, jerked her thoughts from these two wayfarers, to the figure of a soldier, little of sprightly step left in him, as he advanced down her path. Descriptions of this expedition leader, John Charles Frémont, repeated trailmaker through the Rockies, had reached her as she tarried in the door of her husband's blacksmith shop—particularly his style of parting his hair, which she gathered had caused his wife's father to think him a "dandy." She glanced searchingly at her newest visitor. He, too, was emaciated as the other two of his group, who just now had gone for a short walk.

She smiled, extended her hand, identified herself, and urged the famous pathfinder to be seated near the hearth. And fearing that such a great man would be annoyed with talk of children, scanty provisions, and humble accommodations she hastily explained the absence of his friends by saying, "I'm sure you came

for Mr. Carvalho, but you see, an hour ago he seemed restless. I suggested he walk about and perhaps could find a subject for some sketches."

"Yes, Mrs. Whitney, I passed him, or rather saw him turn in the doorway where a little child lies ready for burial," replied Frémont.

"But that is too sad for him there!" she protested, "and besides, he doesn't even know their name," she added.

Instantly, a cloud passed over Frémont's brow as if his heart had been cut open. Oh, if she hadn't said that! Her silence was her only apology, but he started speaking, half to her, mostly out loud to himself. "Twice, my Jessie and I have laid a little body down to its long rest—that's the Indian way for death—and if I had known S. N. Carvalho then, he could have made a likeness of the little ones for me." He passed, staring at the flames beneath the iron kettle—then wishing to relieve pent-up longings, or at least confide in this pioneer mother, he continued, hands restlessly aiding his words in the manner of his French ancestors.

He voiced his yearning to be again home with his wife and son and daughter, fast growing up without a father's familiar counsel. And in an added burst of emotion, he told Clarissa that, again, about the middle of May, Jessie would be delivered of their fifth child. How apprehensive he sounded as he strained at the possibility that a late spring would delay his arrival in Washington until too late to comfort his loved one.

BUT now, he was silent so long, she grew frantic for want of appropriate words, so hurriedly spoke of the Pioneer Day celebration, each July 24th, staged within the fort walls. He looked blankly at her, then appeared more alive to her story as she told of the day's significance in LDS exploration and settlement. However, now, again, she must have said something to remind him of the past, for with sorrow-filled eyes he looked at her and said, "Once I had a little son born on the twenty-fourth of July—my Jessie was delivered of him in Washington, held him in her arms all the way west to St. Louis; but at

(Continued on page 181)

JEFF HAYWARD'S GOOD IMPRESSION

by Hilliard Bennett

LANKY Jeff Hayward was so generous with his talent that most of the kids in his high school classes had portraits of themselves he had done for them. Some of the mothers of Mapleville had from time to time given him snapshots of their babies from which he made water-color paintings. His fondness for chocolate pie being well-known about town, a pie was usually his reward.

In fact, he was so famous—that is, in the town of Mapleville—that no one attached any importance to the difficulty he had with math, English, and history. Jeff did, though, because he was the one who had to tussle with these subjects until he had made a passing mark.

Two years late making his senior year, he was the oldest one in the Senior class. That he felt gawky and also worried about the impression he would make on Warren Welstead was apparent in the way he stood apart from the group near the easels and shifted from side to side.

Mr. Millinger, the white-haired art teacher, said to him: "When you sent samples of your work to Warren, Jeff, he wrote back that he thought they were wonderful. Isn't that enough? Now take it easy. He will be here any minute."

Just then Warren Welstead came into the classroom. Under his arm was a large envelope. Jeff was startled to see how different Welstead looked. His hair was thin, and he wore black-rimmed glasses. It was a relief, though, to see he had the same round, sunny face.

Mr. Millinger hurried to the rear of the art room to greet him.

Warren's voice sounded deeper as he told Mr. Millinger he could stay no longer than Friday; that once he settled his family's estate he must get back to his advertising agency job in New York City.

Mr. Millinger, face beaming, said: "I can't tell you how glad we are to have you take the time to help us with our stage background, Warren. I'm afraid I coaxed pretty hard in my last letter."

Warren smiled. "It's the least I can do. If you had not steered me



Trying to catch himself he swung his arm with such force that the paint can left his hand and hurtled through the air.

into art ten years ago, I would probably not be an art director today."

Then Warren's eyes fell on Jeff, and he came toward him.

"I brought your samples back with me, Jeff," Warren said. "By the way, how's your dad—still farming?"

"Yes, still farming," Jeff said, his throat tight. He started forward to

grasp the large envelope. One of his feet kicked an easel nearby and spun it around making a loud clatter. Trying to act as though nothing had happened, he took the envelope.

One of the girls giggled, and the fellows stifled their laughs.

Warren did not appear to notice and said to Jeff, "That art work

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

shows great promise, Jeff. I want to talk with you later."

Jeff's breast swelled with pride, and yet he was uneasy. He knew the kind of build-up Mr. Millinger gave those of his pupils who show promise. He had just about outdone himself with Jeff, and Jeff suspected the reason. His math, English, and history marks must be made to look inconsequential.

THE scene for the stage background was to be painted directly on the smooth cement wall at the back of the stage. Jeff was assigned to pick up the various colors of quick-drying water paint Warren specified for the job.

Warren's meetings with attorneys, real estate agents, and bank officials concerned with the settling of his estate kept him so busy that it was Thursday, the day before he was to leave, when work was started on the stage background. Warren spent the day outlining with a charcoal stick the face of the barn on stage right, haystack on stage left, clouds, mountains, and fields in the background. Rail fence, stone well, watering trough, barnyard animals, and birds he sketched in the foreground.

On Thursday night Jeff, three girls, and five boys composing the stage decorating committee, and Mr. Millinger were all on hand to help. The stage was quickly floored with newspapers, and ladders were put in place. Warren had the evening's work so well organized that completing the painting of the background should be fairly easy. It was merely a task of filling in his outlines with the color written on the area.

Eager to make a good impression on Warren, Jeff took the gallon can of blue paint along with a wide brush and started up the ladder. "I'll do the sky. I'm taller than anybody else."

But Warren called him down and beckoned the others to gather around him.

As he backed down the ladder, Jeff was careful not to slop paint out of the can, but he realized he should have emptied part of the contents into another can.

As he turned away from the ladder to join the group, the same foot that had kicked the easel caught on the leg of the ladder. The ladder jolted against the can of paint, slopping the

creamy blue liquid down the side of his dungarees.

"Ooops!" he shouted holding the can at arm's length.

The committee members were quick to sponge off his dungarees. Mr. Millinger said what a shame it was, and Warren told him how sorry he was it happened. Jeff declined to take time to go home to change, preferring to minimize the incident. One soaking wet leg of his dungarees was uncomfortable, but a farm boy was accustomed to trivial discomfort.

Warren briefed each individual on what part of the background he was to paint stressing general effect rather than detail. He illustrated how to lay the paint on the wall, not wipe it on. He concluded his points of instruction with a few serious comments on how so many individuals working on ladders one above the other, one here, one there, cannot be too careful.

When Jeff was about to start up the ladder again, Mr. Millinger was there to caution him. "Watch those feet, Jeff."

Atop the ladder Jeff applied the blue paint with long sweeps of the big brush. Others worked on the mountains, fields, haystack, and barn. Mr. Millinger concentrated on the stone well, and Warren took the difficult subjects of cows, a horse, and the other barnyard animals.

When one of the painters started to become absorbed in too much detail, Warren would step over to him. He would remind him that from the audience, detail would not be visible anyway, and the object was to cover as much surface as he could in the shortest possible time leaving only a general effect.

It was after midnight when the group stood at stage front to admire the masterpiece. Warren had painted each animal with a few well-made strokes of his brush. Close up they looked formless, but at a distance surprisingly realistic.

Jeff looked at Warren's work at close range and then from a distance. It looked so simple, so easily done, and yet Jeff knew Warren had worked hard over the years to achieve that simplicity and ease in his painting.

He felt a hand on his back. Warren said: "Those clouds, Jeff—is that windblown effect an accident or did you really plan them that way?"

Jeff smiled uneasily. "You didn't tell me to make them windblown, but it seemed like a good idea. If you want me to paint out the windblown effect, I'll do it now before I go home."



Warren laughed. "No, it's too late, anyway. I just wanted to tell you they are excellent. Furthermore, I see you have initiative as well as talent. I'd like to see you go to art school evenings in New York. You could make yourself useful around my art department during the day. It would help pay your way."

Heart pounding with pride Jeff gasped, "Thanks." He felt buoyant with confidence. Perhaps in a few years he would be as successful as Warren and come back to Mapleville for a visit. He would give one of Mr. Millinger's talented pupils a chance at a career.

One of the girls remarked suddenly, "We forgot the weather vane on the peak of the barn."

Jeff saw another opportunity to demonstrate his willingness and skill. He took the black paint and as he climbed the ladder feeling unusually surefooted he said, "I'll put it on."

Mr. Millinger called to him. "Take your time, Jeff."

Jeff did not realize that the excitement within him had quickened his pace. He painted the weather vane as though he were in a great hurry and then started down the ladder.

"Ooops!" he said as he miscalculated the distance from one step to the next step below. Trying to catch himself he swung his arm with such force that the paint can left his hand

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CONTROLLING THE PAST

(Continued from page 154)

little harm can be done by introducing it here and there where careless scribes seem to have a habit of leaving it out. Thus in the 127 *Canons of the Apostles* we read that the church has lost the power once enjoyed by the saints to drive out devils, raise the dead, and speak in tongues, though those powers were meant to be "signs to those who believe." This agrees perfectly with Mark 16:17, "... these signs shall follow them that believe," etc. but not with the conventional Christian thesis, that the loss of the signs was not serious since they were meant to impress only unbelievers.

And so our editor helpfully inserts the little word which the original writer somehow overlooked: "that they should be a sign to those who do not believe!"¹⁰⁰ In the same spirit of helpfulness, when Justin Martyr propounds the doctrine (to which he refers a number of times) that "God created the world out of unorganized matter," Lange, editing the text in the *Patrologia*, is good enough to oblige with a useful insertion: "... God created the world not out of unorganized matter," to which by way of clarification he adds a further interpolation, "but out of nothing."¹⁰¹ Why bother to condemn Justin as a heretic when his words can be so easily controlled?

c) *Emendation—the Rewrite Job*: The excision of annoying passages and the insertion of useful ones is, after all, a surgery of last resort. Most scholars prefer to display their skill and ingenuity in the more cultivated art of *emendation*, the correction of purely scribal errors. The object of the game is to make the greatest possible change in the reading of a text by the least possible alteration of the written word; the smaller the alteration and the more striking the change of reading it effects, the more "brilliant" the emendation is considered. This, however, is a three-dimensional chess game reserved for the elite: the art of rewriting texts is practised with little enough subtlety by most churchmen, whose prime concern has ever been to do a pious rather than a convincing rewrite job. At a very early period, "when anyone, Catholic or heretic, found a statement in the New Testament which appeared to be wrong," according to Kirsopp Lake, "it would seem to him

a moral duty to correct an obvious scribal error into a true statement. But who can say what are the limits of 'scribal errors'?"¹⁰² Those limits are set by any pious reader whose duty it is to alter the text whenever he feels the scribe is off the track. This is an unlimited license to control the past.

In one of the very earliest post-apostolic writings, Ignatius reprimands those Christians who won't believe anything that can't be proved from the archives, telling the Philadelphians, "My archives are Jesus Christ, and they can't be tampered with."¹⁰³ Which shows not only how soon the Church took to resting its case on documents, but also how soon those documents began to be controlled.

The original version of Josephus' *Jewish War* (II, 110) contained a very unflattering reference to Christ. For this reason the book was condemned. Yet the writings of Josephus had been raised to almost canonical rank by the Christians—how could this treasure be saved? In the oldest surviving manuscripts, the famous passage about Christ has been savagely inked out, rubbed out, or cut out, as if in hasty attempts to clear the owners of any charge of possessing illicit writings. In later manuscripts, however, this passage re-emerges, but this time wonderfully altered: by the changing of a few words and a little deft insertion and deletion the insulting paragraph has now become a glowing character reference for Jesus from the mouth of an infidel!¹⁰⁴

Coming down to our own time, we find the emendator still at work in the same old shop. When Père Batiffol reads in the *Odes of Solomon*, "Thou hast introduced thy person into the world," he asks, "How could God introduce his person into the world which belongs to him? Let us rather say that God introduces his 'countenance' instead: not *prosopon* (person), but *morphe* (face, form)."¹⁰⁵ Let us say, "indeed! And what has the author to say about it? 'This passage,' Batiffol obligingly explains, "calls for a rather energetic correction in order to have sense."¹⁰⁶ Sense for whom? The second-year Greek student is constantly running into passages that make no sense to him, and which he feels strongly urged to "correct." But when a text fails to make sense to a reader, or makes undesir-

able sense to his church, the last thing he may do is to alter it to some form that he and his party can accept. And that is notoriously the first thing that religious scholars do—just look through the footnotes of almost any early volume of the *Patrologiae*.

In all his extensive writings, it is axiomatic with M. Batiffol that anything not satisfactory to his church can only be nonsense. Armed with this supremely practical and convenient rule of thumb, he has no difficulty or hesitation in perpetrating his "energetic corrections" whenever an ancient writing refuses to cooperate with him or his party. The *Odes of Solomon*, for example, repeatedly speaks of "the worlds" in the plural. In one place it declares of Christ, "In Him the worlds speak one to another," making him the common Lord of many worlds. Such was early Christian doctrine; but not modern: "One is surprised," writes Batiffol, "to see 'the worlds' speaking to one another; one would expect rather that it would be *men*. . . . I would understand it to read 'men,' not 'worlds.'"¹⁰⁶ To what purpose, then, does an ancient author say "worlds" if an editor many centuries later can substitute any word that suits him in its place? Is a poet writing some eighteen-hundred years ago under any obligation to put down what "one would expect" him to write today? Apparently he is.

(To be continued)

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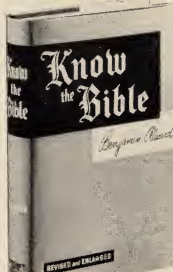
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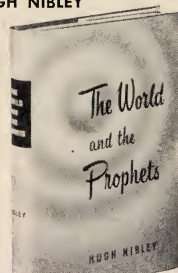
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COLONIA JUAREZ

(Nelle Spilsbury Hatch. Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah. 259 pages, plus photos, maps, tables, and lists. 1954. \$3.50.)

This book is an interesting and intimate contribution to a little-known chapter of "Mormon" pioneer history, far from the headquarters of the Church. Colonia Juarez was settled by LDS Church members in the eighties, and they worked to build up town, homes, and schools. The story of their tribulations and triumphs, the "exodus" of 1912 when most of the Saints were expelled from Mexico, the troubled several years of the Mexican revolutionary period, the amazing friendliness of Pancho Villa toward the Mormon people, and the return of some of the exiles, is told by one who participated in much of that about which she writes.

Mrs. Hatch was graduated from Juarez Stake Academy in 1906, and both she and her husband taught there later. She was appointed Juarez Stake historian in 1936, and from her work on that assignment this book has developed. She writes, therefore, not as a rigidly professional historian with cold objectiveness, but with the warm and sympathetic understanding of a spectator and participant.—S. B. T.

ON THE BOOKRACK

WE BELIEVE

(Ora Pate Stewart. Bookcraft, Salt Lake City. 112 pages. \$1.00.)

This is a pocket-sized volume, discussing in sequence the thirteen Articles of Faith of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, "written especially for the youth of the Church." Major emphasis is placed on the first principles, which is perhaps as it should be; this results in the first four Articles of Faith filling sixty pages—more than half the book—while discussion of the last four articles totals only fourteen pages.

—S. B. T.

A GARDEN IN WYOMING

(Bertha C. Maudsley. Granite Publishing Company, Salt Lake City. 222 pages. 1954.)

The author grew up under the stress of pioneer living in Star Valley, Wyoming. In this book she looks back over six decades of life, and finds it prevailingly good. Brief chapters, illustrated with twenty-seven family portraits in singles and groups, deal with genealogy; most of the rest is personal reminiscence. Here and there is an inevitable touch of heartbreak, but most of the recollections are happy ones, told in anecdote and dialogue, recording the highlights of a friendly and fruitful life.—S. B. T.



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CONTROLLING THE PAST

(Continued from page 166)

⁴⁷Ibid., p. 84.

⁴⁸Ibid., p. 29; cf. pp. 192-7.

⁴⁹Hist. Eccl., VI, 19, 9.

⁵⁰Cod. Theod. XVI, 6-23, discussed in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, Ch. XXVII.

⁵¹K. von Helele, *Konziliengeschichte* (1855ff.), I, 143f.

⁵²Patrol. Lat. XVIII, 89.

⁵³E. Gilson, *God and Philosophy* (Yale Univ., 1942), p. xi.

⁵⁴St. Augustine, *De Mendacio*, c.x, in *Patrol. Lat.* 40, 500-1.

⁵⁵M. Leclercq, in the *Dictionnaire d'Archéologie et de Liturgie Chrétiennes* VI, 2697f. That the motive for censorship was to cover up the adverse effect of the evidence is clear from Duchesne's revealing explanation of why he did not leave the Catholic church in view of his discoveries: he could not, he explained, offend his aged mother as the price of being "true to himself." (idem.)

⁵⁶Patrol. Lat. I, 1205.

⁵⁷Rufinus, *Preface* to the *Clementine Recognitions*, in *Patrol. Graec.* I, 1205ff.

⁵⁸Rufinus, *Prologus* to Origen's *Peri Archon*, in *Patrol. Graec.* XI, 111 ff.

⁵⁹Eusebius, *Vita Constantini* I, 11.

⁶⁰C. Snouck-Hurgronje, in *Chantipie's Lehrbuch der Religionsgesch.* (Tübingen, 1925), I, 656.

⁶¹Canons of the Apostles, Bk. I, Canon 48, v. 8, in Graffin-Nau, *Patrologia Orientalis*, VIII, 624.

⁶²Justin, *Apol. I*, 10, in *Patrol. Graec.* VI, 340.

⁶³K. & S. Lake, *An Introduction to the New Testament* (N. Y.: Harpers, 1937), p. 99. Cf. Kahle, *op. cit.*, p. 157: the "Targums had no authoritative text. Every copyist could try to improve the text he copied."

⁶⁴Or, "they haven't been tampered with." *Epist. ad Philad.* viii.

⁶⁵This famous Josephus passage is the subject of Eisler's whole 2-volume work, *Iesus Basileus ou Basileusas* (Heidelberg, 1929). Cf. Kahle, *op. cit.*, p. 163.

⁶⁶In *Revue Biblique* 1911, p. 163.

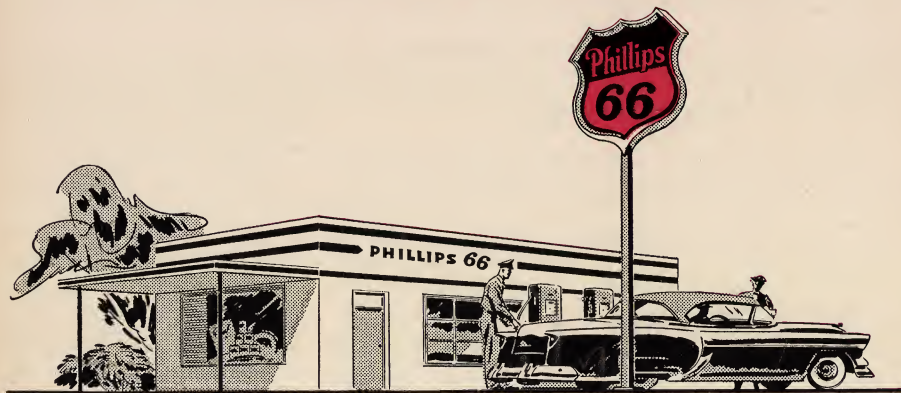
⁶⁷Ibid., p. 189, note to *Od. Sal.* XII, 8.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



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Phillips 66 brings you the only gasoline with the added super aviation fuel component Di-isopropyl.

Phillips Petroleum Company was the first to make Di-isopropyl and also HF Alkylate. These two components are so valuable to smooth motor performance that, until recently, their use was restricted by the U. S. Government to high performance aviation gasoline. Now authorities have removed restrictions.

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PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY

LIVE IN THE FUTURE AND STAY YOUNG

(Concluded from page 155)

palsy; and still another works with the blind. All of these women are happier and healthier than they have been in years, simply because they feel they are doing something constructive to help others.

Later-day Saints are noted for the number of vigorous older people within their ranks—their death rate is much below the average. And the reason? They are well-adjusted, cheerful people who live simply and

work hard—who are interested in life and in humanity.

Naturally any person who has lived a full life has encountered and solved many of life's perennial problems. Through his own experience he is in a position to help young people with sound advice, and the chances are if he goes about it in the right way and doesn't try to preach, his grandchildren will turn to him eagerly for counsel.

Many older men and women have

taken up constructive hobbies that led to financial independence. I once sold a story about a woman who at ninety-four was still actively engaged in running a costume shop that grew from a hobby.

You see, staying young is largely a matter of how we feel *inside*. And remember, like a fine violin whose tonal qualities increase with age, we can make our own lives fuller and richer as the years pass if we will only stay active (physically, if possible, but *always* mentally) and learn to live in the future.

A FATHER'S BLESSING

(Concluded from page 151)

and bear the stigma of illegitimacy. But even that was denied to Tom, for his mother, too, had forsaken him.

When a child is blessed in church, the elder officiating says words to this effect: "We present this child before this congregation to give him a name and a father's blessing. We give him the name John (not John Jones) by which he shall be known among men, etc." The name John is conferred upon him, given to him, but the name *Jones* was his by inheritance the day he was born. The name *John* was given to distinguish him from all the others of his family. At blessing, his full name, John Jones, son of William Jones and Mary Smith is entered in the Church records, and that record would withstand any legal or other assault that could ever be made against it. He can acquire and safely secure property under it, can claim inheritance to the property of his parents, can record and own titles to real estate, patent his inventions, or register his valuables under it, and he is protected in these rights against the whole world. When John's father took him to Church for blessing that act said to the congregation and to the whole world, "I acknowledge this child as mine. He is heir to my name with all that it stands for, and he is heir to my possessions." Such acknowledgment gives to little John the best start he could possibly have in the world. It is a father's greatest blessing upon his child.

Little John inherits not only a name which it becomes his duty to uphold in honor, but he inherits also the reputation that his progenitors through many generations have built up, such as honor in business, fidelity to a trust, chastity and clean living, respect for law, truthfulness, and so on. He is free to lift by clean and honorable living the family standards to ever higher levels of respectability, but he has no right to drag them down. He cannot sin to himself alone since with his blessings he inherits also obligations to all the members of his clan. Whatever he does through his life will add to or detract from the honor of the name he bears. To keep faith with the wide circle and long line of those who bear his surname he is obligated to bear it in honor among men.

A name thus honorably inherited and carried with a proper sense of obligation to all others who bear it anchors one to society and surrounds him with kindred who have a direct and living interest in his success. To inherit a respected name is to inherit a priceless treasure. It is more valuable than gold or bonds. Good will is an asset valued highly in dollars and cents in the business world, and little John inherits free all the good will that generations of his progenitors have built up.

All these were blessings that Tom had been robbed of by the parents who were responsible for his very existence. The absence of such parental blessing was evident in his man-

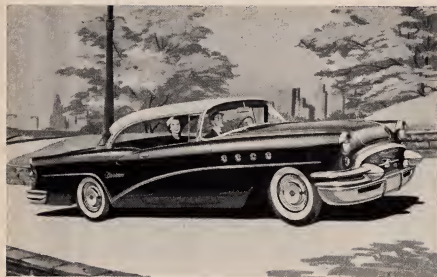
ner of thinking and in his outlook on life. There was no one else in his thinking or planning.

Tom said, "I would give the world to know who I am, who my father and mother were, and where my relatives live." He suspected that his mother was one of the women who cared for him, but she died before he ran away from the orphanage. He remembered her crying once when she held him, and he wanted to believe that she was his mother. Two years before I met Tom he had been back to the orphanage to see if he could find out anything about himself, but there was no one left who had served the institution in his day. His search had netted him only disappointment.

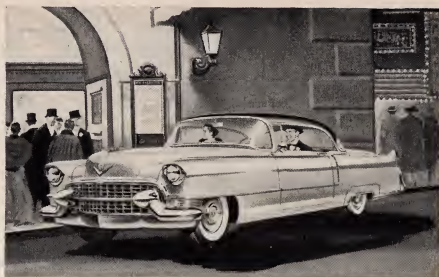
Tom's case was one to ponder over. In all the millions of people on the earth there was not one to feel concern for him, no one to care whether he succeeded or failed, whether he was sick or well or lived or died. He had no sweet memories of a loving mother and no home or kindred to return to when he was weary or ill. Tom, because someone had robbed him of his birthright, was only a piece of human driftwood floating around on the sea of life. Just to have had a legitimate name and a few relatives who cared would have anchored him to society and put incentive, interest, purpose, and happiness into his wasted life.

How many Toms are there in the world? And how are the parents of such going to explain their wrongs when they meet their children face to face before the bar of eternal judgment?

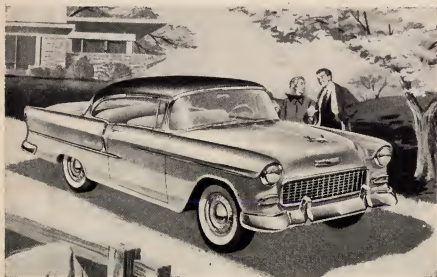
Is your "dream" car in this picture?



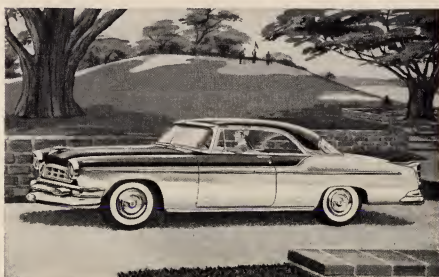
"Buick's spectacular Century Series, with 9-to-1 compression, provides highest power-to-weight ratio and most power per dollar."



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"The Motoramic Chevrolet offers a 'Turbo-Fire V-8' and two new 'Blue-Flame' 6's. Model shown: the Bel Air Sport Coupe."



"New-styled Chrysler New Yorker DeLuxe St. Regis...with world's most powerful engine design: hemispherical-combustion FirePower V-8."

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Regardless of make or year, *your* car will benefit from Conoco Super Gasoline, the fuel that combines a controlled higher-octane rating with *all* power benefits of TCP!

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1. TCP boosts your car's power as much as 15% (because it *neutralizes* power-robbing lead deposits in your car's engine).
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4. TCP increases spark-plug life up to 150% (because it actually *fireproofs* your spark plugs).
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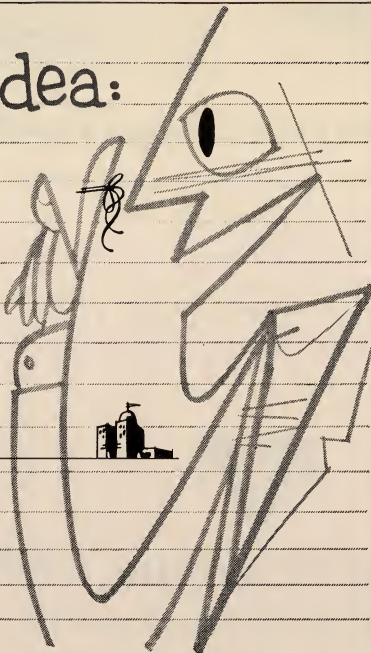
Good Idea:

family dinner
once a week
at the

**COFFEE
SHOP**



Hotel Utah
Max Carpenter
Manager



A Change Is Good For You

(Concluded from page 159)

pressured business demands into an absorbing, creative activity that satisfies the deepest something in each one's being—a wonderful change from the routine of the business world with its competitive speed and tensions to the satisfactions of the inner demand or God-given gift in each one of these men.

The most important and valuable change of all is one that doesn't call for railroad or airplane tickets, for boat reservations, or hotel arrangements. It is the change most natural for us, and seemingly the most apt of all, and yet the last to be considered—and that is change of thought—change of attitude.

Our thoughts in a routine world become routine. They accumulate the dust, the debris, the corrosion about them both from lack of use and from insufficient rearrangement of pattern. Our thoughts or attitudes can cause us to assume a *fixation* of ideas; for instance, take the idea of fatigue. It can become a fixed attitude. I have friends who simply fall into the idea of fatigue at the end of a working day. They expect to be tired, and their after-working hours are dedicated to this thought of complete exhaustion. But I have another friend whose whole life changes at the end of his day. He is writing children's adventure stories as a hobby; and after a hard, demanding day at business, he comes home, has a leisurely dinner with his family, and then retires to his study to live in another world—a world of sport, of youthful challenge, of courage, of heroes. Whatever pages he completes, he reads to a young son and daughter as their bedtime hour approaches. A complete change of thought, and the tired businessman becomes a successful author with an immediate small but enthusiastic public.

A change is certainly good for all of us, and fortunately, it can start right where we are. Probably that's the best place of all to start—right with ourselves. It's pretty hard to change the scheme of the world. But you do have a right to start some innovations on yourself.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

The Waiting Place

(Continued from page 147)

Death found us when baby Elspeth sickened. A body too frail to withstand the rigors of pioneer life.

There was always the church—the core of our lives. Baptisms, marriages, burials—all performed by the Reverend John Bethune.

The yearning remained with me always. Sometimes as I held a newborn babe in my arms and felt the gentle beat of its heart, I felt that there was more to life than birthing, living, and dying. The answer never came to me in our lonely wilderness, although all my life I sought it.

THE years passed in quick succession, and our children left to build their own homes. We knew once more the joy of little children about our home, as grandchildren visited. Finally, one wintry morning death visited us once again, and I was led gently to this place of waiting.

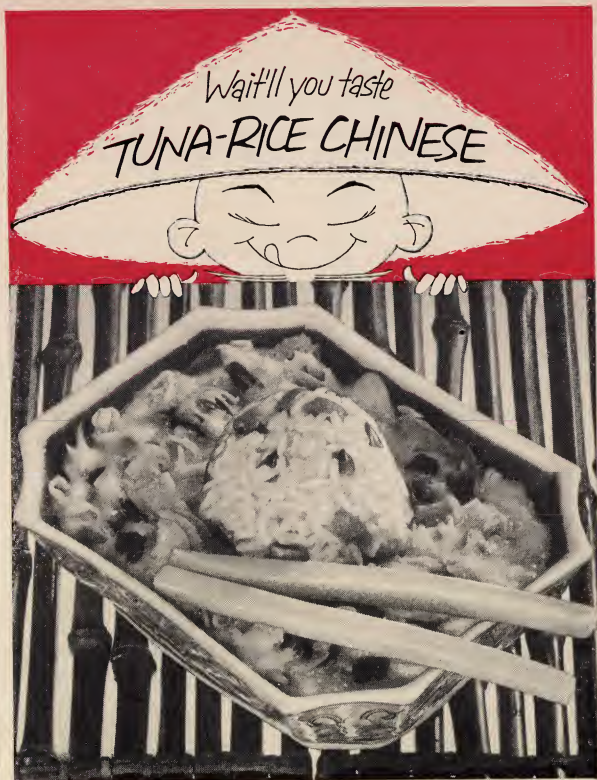
It was here I received the answer to the yearning. I had sought the answer all my life and had never found it. Here in this place I heard explained things which I had believed all my life but had never been able to confirm. Missionaries came to this place of waiting and told us many marvelous things.

They told us of the great council in heaven in which we chose our earth life. They explained the plan of salvation, the Garden of Eden, the Fall, the mighty prophets, the children of Israel, the scattering, the promise of a Savior, the Savior and his ministry, the meaning of the priesthood, the crucifixion and the resurrection, the preaching of the gospel by the Apostles, the blessed privilege of baptism and repentance. Finally, they told of the falling away into pagan practices, the darkness, and then the promise. John had said another angel would fly in the midst of heaven bearing the everlasting gospel: a young boy praying in the woods opening the heavens with the magnitude of his prayer, the gathering of Israel, the visit of Elijah in fulfillment of prophecy:

"Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet . . .

"And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and . . .

(Concluded on following page)



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White Star Brand Tuna (Chunk and Solid Pack); Chicken of the Sea Brand Dietetic Tuna, Strained Tuna, Frozen Tuna Pie, Frozen Tuna Dinner; Willapa Point Brand Oysters, Oyster Stew.



Mix and heat a 6½- or 7-oz. can White Star Brand Tuna; can of cream of celery or mushroom soup; and a 1-lb. can of Chinese vegetables, drained. Add ¼ cup milk and 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce. Cook enough rice to make 2 cups; toss with 2 tablespoons butter or margarine and ¼ cup chopped roasted almonds or peanuts. Serve in individual bowls topped with mounds of nutty rice, with "chopsticks" of celery or carrot alongside. Makes 3 or 4 servings.

Look for the Blonde Mermaid on the label
for America's largest-selling tuna

VAN CAMP SEA FOOD COMPANY, INC.
Terminal Island, California

THE WAITING PLACE

(Continued from preceding page)

the children to their fathers, lest I . . . smite the earth with a curse."

We are the fathers—and the mothers. Our hearts are turned to you!

With what yearning I watched my descendants. Some seeking; others wrapped in earthly pursuits. After a seemingly endless time—I saw two young men—books in hand—approaching a door. The door was opened to reveal my great-great-granddaughter standing inquiringly at the door. How I prayed at that moment. With a rush of joy I saw that she admitted them. Within was a young girl who listened intently to each word they uttered. This also was a grandchild of mine. They left their books with her. I saw her poring over them, pondering each word. I saw her first trip to the little upstairs room where the missionaries officiated. I saw the missionaries' visits to her home: the struggle—the doubts—the questions! One particular question!

"If this is the true church and baptism is necessary for salvation—what will happen to all the millions of people who lived on the earth without an opportunity to be baptized?"

The answer—the only answer—baptism for the dead! The look of recognition on her face—she knew this to be true. The struggle with family and friends. The fear of condemnation. The final victory over fear through prayer.

The day arrived! I had looked to this day through years of prayer and waiting. I saw my granddaughter go down into the waters of baptism. I rejoiced with her as she rose from the waters purified and an heir to the celestial kingdom. I knew that through this day I, too, would become an heir to the celestial kingdom. I knew that the promise of Elijah would be fulfilled in her—the hearts of the children would be turned to the fathers.

The years are passing and the promise of Elijah is not being fulfilled through her. It is true that occasionally she promises herself that she will do better tomorrow. Tomorrow comes, and the busy world calls her to other tasks, and her salvation and mine is threatened.

She has found my name. She

knows I lived. Occasionally, she gets out the sheet upon which my name is printed—but it is always put away uncompleted. How I pray at these moments. I know where the information is which she needs to complete her sheet.

We cannot help the weak but only those who turn their hearts in eagerness and prayer to us who are their dead. We are not names to be written on a piece of paper and filed away to be looked at abstractly at a future date. We are alive! We are waiting! Our eyes are turned to you—our hope and our salvation!

Faith, Work, Patience

Richard L. Evans

THIS, already, is the second day of another three hundred sixty-five. The New Year will not last long. And despite its festivities, it is somewhat sobering—sobering for many reasons, and in part because of some uncertainties. But sometimes we overemphasize uncertainty. We live with it always and everywhere, and if we were too constantly concerned with the uncertainty of passing and impermanent things, our lives would be forever fearful—for all that lies beyond this very instant is in a sense uncertain. And we should have the faith to plan solidly for the future and not overemphasize uncertainty. Faith is indispensable in any New Year formula. Other indispensable elements to be added are work, and patience—a full measure of each. We must be willing to work without knowing all the outcome in advance. And as to patience, we must be willing to wait for final answers—not to cease the search—but not to force or fabricate the answers where they are not in evidence). So far as this present time is concerned, "Life is a tent for a night"—Emerson observed—but beyond is the infinite and eternal, and as we live according to the best knowledge we have, "doing broad justice where we are, by whomsoever we deal with"² in the circumstances in which we find ourselves, and shun false pride and pettiness, the Lord God will see that fairness and justice and equitable opportunity come to each of us; and he will not leave us alone nor let anything be lost, nor any good go unrewarded. Thank God at this beginning of another new year that there are values that endure always and forever. Thank God for truth, for freedom to search for it, for freedom to accept it; for faith in the eternal future; for patience to wait for the missing pieces to be put in place; for patience to reserve judgment while men argue with one another of things they do not know; for patience to wait for the clouds of speculation to be cleared, for theories to be proved or unproved; patience to wait for the final answers. God grant us in this new year faith, work, patience and a little time to live the goodness of life with our loved ones, to live above the contentious controversies, and to see the eternal certainties beyond the uncertainties, and to walk in prayerful humility with him who gave us everlasting life and who keeps creation in its course.

¹Credited to Emerson, source unidentified.

²*Ibid.*

"The Spoken Word" FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING
SYSTEM, JANUARY 2, 1955
Copyright, 1955

this much **STILBESTROL** has to go a long way-*must be mixed just right!*



and Purina's Exclusive **MICRO-MIXING** Process does this job!

Mixing $\frac{1}{3}$ ounce of stilbestrol into *one ton* of cattle feed presents a big problem to most feed companies. But this kind of mixing is just routine for Purina's Micro-Mixing . . . and only Purina Chows are Micro-Mixed.

Just $\frac{1}{3}$ ounce of stilbestrol in *one ton* of feed means it is added in the proportion of only 1 part to 90,800 parts. *Purina's Micro-Mixing process is accurate to the 1/10,000,000 part!* So you can rest assured when you feed Purina Steer Fatena or Beef Chow with stilbestrol that every bite is mixed just right.

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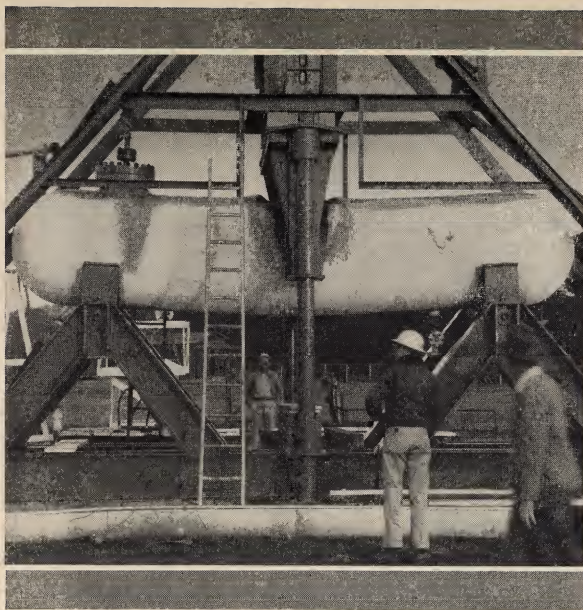
Next time you're in town drop by your Purina Dealer's and ask him to tell you more about Purina Steer Fatena and Beef Chow with stilbestrol. *He's the only man in town who can supply you with Micro-Mixed Purina Chows.*

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FROZEN STEEL. Ordinary steel becomes brittle at low temperatures. But U. S. Steel recently introduced a completely new alloy known as USS "T-1." This steel retains its strength and toughness at high and low temperatures; but even more important, it can be welded without need for heat treatment. The picture shows a "T-1" welded pressure vessel that survived a blow from a 13-ton ingot dropped 73 feet. The tank was chilled to -22° F.

*Trade Mark



UNITED STATES STEEL

Mommy,
it's
MORNING
MILK
time!



Your Question

(Continued from page 142)

create: for, behold, I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy.

"And I will rejoice in Jerusalem, and joy in my people: and the voice of weeping shall be no more heard in her, nor the voice of crying.

"There shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days: for the child shall die an hundred years old; but the sinner being an hundred years old shall be accursed." (Isaiah 65:17-20. Compare D. & C. 101:28-31.)

The gospel will be taught far more intensely and with greater power during the millennium, until all the inhabitants of the earth shall embrace it. Satan shall be bound so that he cannot tempt any man. Should any man refuse to repent and accept the gospel under those conditions then he would be accursed. Through the revelations given to the prophets we learn that during the reign of Jesus Christ for a thousand years, eventually all people will embrace the truth. Isaiah prophesied of the millennium as follows:

"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fating together; and a little child shall lead them.

"And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

"And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child put his hand on the cockatrice' den.

"Thy shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." (*Ibid.*, 11:6-9.)

This chapter in Isaiah Moroni quoted to the Prophet Joseph Smith and said to him it was about to be fulfilled. If the knowledge of the Lord covers the earth as the waters do the sea, then it must be universally received. Moreover, the promise of the Lord through Jeremiah is that it will no longer be necessary for anyone to teach his neighbor, "... saying, Know the Lord: for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord." (Jeremiah 31:34.)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Jeff Hayward's Good Impression

(Continued from page 165)

and hurtled through the air. The ladder rocked dizzily, and the whole stage seemed to sway and then fall away from him as he lost all sense of balance.

A voice rang out, "Catch him!"

Fingers dug into his shoulders and ribs. Then with a colliding of heads and tangling of legs the students sprawled on the floor with Jeff on top of the pile.

Mr. Millinger helped him to his feet, remarked what a close call that was, and then helped the others.

Too embarrassed to say anything Jeff stood motionless for a moment. Then his eyes caught on the damage he had done. An ugly arch of black paint extended across the whole length of the background, streaks of paint running down to the stage floor.

His heart felt like lead. He muttered, "I ruined it."

And then he saw Warren off to the side holding a handkerchief to the side of his head, his shirt covered with paint. On the floor near him Jeff saw the paint can sitting upside down.

One of the girls squared off in front of Jeff. "Why don't you go home?" she snapped.

The whole committee echoed her sentiments, but Jeff hurried to Warren to apologize and offer help.

Warren waved him away. "Stay back. Don't come near me."

"But I'm awfully sorry," Jeff said, mouth hanging open.

"I appreciate that," Warren replied, looking at his handkerchief for any sign of blood. "Now go away."

Jeff picked up his jacket and moved toward the wing. He felt a hand on his arm. Mr. Millinger said: "Not going, are you?"

"What's the use of staying?" Jeff replied. "I really flunked out this time."

Mr. Millinger frowned. "That doesn't sound like you."

Jeff continued on. He was not so stupid, he reasoned, that he did not know when to give up. At the outside door he stopped to look back. The committee was waiting about how to finish the background in time

(Continued on following page)



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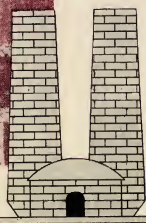
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JEFF HAYWARD'S GOOD IMPRESSION

(Continued from preceding page)

for dress rehearsal tomorrow night. Some of them pleaded with Warren to stay another day, and he was shaking his head, "No."

It seemed to Jeff they would do better to stop haggling and pleading and get to work. He pulled the door open to leave.

Then he heard a voice say: "We'd be up all night trying to clean up this mess and finish the background. So what if the play will have to be postponed? Won't hurt anybody. I'm going home."

Jeff was dismayed to see the students proceed to put on their coats. He let the door fall shut. In long strides he returned to the stage, picked up a rag, and started to wipe the black paint off the background. "This is no time to walk out," he said.

Mr. Millinger came quickly to his side. "It's no use, Jeff. Let's get our sleep and worry about this when we are all not so upset."

LUPIN—

By Novelle V. Watts

REFLECTING blue of cobalt skies
Wandering the pastures over,
Crystal clear this small stream flows,
And cattle stand knee-deep in clover.
The tall blue lupin sways and wafts,
Perfumed essence of the springtime,
And bird song fills the limpid air.
Here, Nature writes a perfect rhyme.

Jeff kept working. He said, "I'm not upset."

Then Warren came over to him. "Aren't you afraid you will lose some sleep like the rest of them?"

Jeff folded his rag to expose a clean portion as he replied, "I can catch up on sleep. Better to do that than go to all the trouble of changing the date of the show—tickets being sold and baby sitters arranged for and all."

Warren rubbed his chin. His eyes were troubled.

Mr. Millinger beamed at Jeff and said, "Now you sound like your old self. I'll stay and help you, Jeff."

Warren paced around nervously. Twice he opened his mouth to speak but said nothing. Finally he said: "This clumsiness of yours, Jeff—I'm

concerned about that. I—well—I'm afraid you'd be like a bull in a china shop in my art department. Perhaps when you are a bit—"

Mr. Millinger interrupted with a laugh and said: "Don't let it bother

you, Warren. You should have seen yourself the day I put you on the train to New York ten years ago. You were so clumsy and scared I didn't have any hope for you."

(Concluded on page 180)

...and repentance

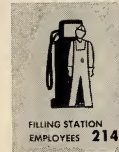
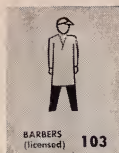
Richard L. Evans

FAITH, work, patience: To these three elements from a formula for the New Year should be added also another—repentance. Repentance doesn't appear to be very popular. Prophets have been made martyrs for proclaiming it; nations and peoples have died rather than do anything about it. But however unpopular or unpalatable, repentance is one of the greatest, most satisfying principles that God has given—for we are none of us perfect; we, none of us, turn in a perfect performance; we are, none of us, without earnest urgent need of the principle of repentance, and without it our lives would be futile and frustrated. In a sense, any improvement is repentance—any straightening of a road, any saving of danger or distance; any improving of a process, any abandoning of old errors or of inefficient ways is repentance. Repentance is a basic principle of progress. Now as to some, among many, things to repent of: In this formula for a New Year we could well consider repentance from procrastination, from wasting time, from withholding willing work; repentance for incurring debts too willingly that we have little prospect of repaying; repentance for too little appreciation of our loved ones, or for what is done for us by others; repentance from letting life slip by without giving our attention to things that matter most, or for not keeping closer in counsel and companionship to those who mean the most; repentance from indifference to what we ought to be doing; repentance from brooding too much upon the past; and for too little faith in the future. Now as to the nature of repentance: It is more than saying we're sorry, more than embarrassment, more than the discomfort of being caught, more than fear, more than an effort to avoid punishment or penalties. It is a sincere change within, a sincere turning away, as suggested by the Savior when he said: "go, and sin no more." Such repentance lets us live with ourselves with quiet conscience and leads to peace and progress. People have sometimes supposed that repentance was too high-priced. They have looked at what they would have to give up, at appetites they would have to curb, at habits they would have to break or abandon, at things they would have to set aside, and have forgotten the fact that no matter what the price of repenting, it is never so high as the price of not repenting. Faith, work, patience, repentance—and no later hour is ever better for the purpose of repenting than this very hour is.

*John 8:11.

"The Spoken Word" FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
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Copper Keeps 103 Barbers in Business

The 103 barbers are a portion of the 24,000 Utahns not on Utah Copper's payroll whose jobs result from copper production.

These figures come from studies which show that for every job in a basic industry like Utah Copper, approximately four additional jobs are created elsewhere in the State to meet company and employee needs.*

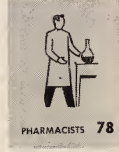
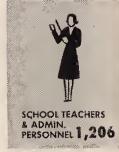
This means that for the 6,000 Utah Copper employees, 24,000 other jobs are created in Utah. That's more than 9 per cent of all the people employed. Apply that percentage to the State's 1114 barbers and we find copper keeps 103 of them in business.

The surrounding illustrations show how this 9 per cent applies to a few other job classifications in Utah. Apply the percentage to *all* classifications and you can see how important copper production is to the prosperity of the whole State.

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Costs of supplies, services, labor and taxes help determine the extent of the benefits of copper production—benefits that reach out to every home in our State.

*"Utah's Economic Patterns," Bureau of Business and Economic Research, University of Utah, 1953.



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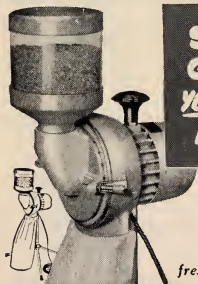
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JEFF HAYWARD'S GOOD IMPRESSION

(Concluded from page 178)

Warren's eyes brightened and he laughed. "Coming from you, Mr. Millinger, I'll have to believe that." Then he said more seriously: "It's easy to forget some things—especially how to be tolerant. Let's get to work."

Going farther up the ladder Jeff

took special care to plant each foot firmly on each step. Warren left the stage to go to the showers and borrowed a T-shirt.

Not to be outdone the rest of the group joined in, and Jeff kept his head out of the clouds even though he was painting them.

Happiness . . .

Richard L. Evans

IT HASN'T been long since, frequently and freely, we were wishing one another happiness for another new year. Already an impressive part of that year has passed, and it isn't too soon to consider whether or not we have come any closer to finding the happiness we so much wished for one another. Happiness is the most pursued thing in all the world. All men are looking for it, whether they know it or not. Our Founding Fathers knew its place and importance when they listed it along with life and liberty. Happiness is properly life's chief pursuit, and there is no special virtue in unhappiness, there is no special virtue in long-faced living—for "men are, that they might have joy."¹ But like most things, happiness is often misunderstood, often mistaken, and often missed. One doesn't find it always where he might suppose, and frequently finds it where it seems less likely—but whatever its variations from person to person, real happiness always has within it some indispensable essentials, quite apart from passing or trivial pleasures, quite apart from hilarity or light-headed laughter, or dangerous thrills, or cynical satisfactions. Sometimes happiness is confused with what is sometimes called success. But success itself may need another look. Success is not just indiscriminately more and more of everything; it is not just indiscriminately going and getting. It is getting what we want—if we want the right thing. It is arriving where we want—if it's the right place. And one could scarcely be considered successful if he isn't happy, and could scarcely be considered happy if he didn't have a wholeness and wholeness of life, integrity, work, service, self-respect, appreciation for other people, love, a sense of belonging, a sense of being wanted, and a sense of purpose—permanent, eternal purpose, with faith to survive the sorrows and setbacks and faith to outface fear. Going, getting, arriving—even these are not so essential as is this: an awareness of being on the way, on the right road. This surely is one of the chief essentials of happiness—with an awareness also that life is purposeful, limitless, and everlasting, and that the same sound principles that lead to happiness here lead to happiness hereafter.

¹H Neph 2:25.

"The Spoken Word" FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING
SYSTEM, JANUARY 16, 1953

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In Time of Need

(Continued from page 163)

twelve weeks, he lay dead, to be buried on the plains. . . ."

Clarissa now became completely wordless as her visitor renewed his contemplation. Perhaps she would do better to sit, folded hands on apron, eyes downcast, rather than to search her soul for further topics.

Abruptly, he veered from family problems and recalled the trail ordeal of the last two months, before his men, some Delaware Indians, some Mexicans, and some white men from over the face of the earth were rescued by her townspeople. When Clarissa asked what food they had lived on, Frémont mentioned beaver, grass seed secured from some Ute Indians, young porcupines, and a lame horse.

Then he told her of the tragic circumstances on Eagle Trail when twenty-two men clasped hands and made a pledge of unity, saying, "If we are to die, let us die together like men." And after a pause, when each had half whispered, "So help me, God," they made a compact to stand by each other to the end. And for one it was to freeze to death in the shadows of the Wasatch within hours of rescue—then to be prepared for the grave by the sympathetic hands of a Latter-day Saint Relief Society sister. His ten Delawares had suffered less than the two Mexicans or the white explorers, topographers, or the scientifically trained men in his company; now they owed their very lives to the kind people of Parowan.

Tears streamed down Clarissa's cheeks as knowledge of such desperate suffering came to her from their noble leader. This man had guided his men all for the dream of one day vindicating his plan that a railroad could be built cutting the Rockies in two. Through her tears she prayed that no further delay would befall so valiant a man, so intent on achieving his goal, and so homesick for his lonely family a full continent away.

Then, as suddenly changing his mood by shaking his head, resolutely, he arose. He glanced out of the door, but not yet sighting Carvalho, he bade Clarissa adieu by saying quite formally, "I really came, as the commanding officer of the expedition, to thank you for your every effort in behalf of my men. But for your unceasing care, and that of the other Mormon women of the settlement,

(Continued on following page)

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In Time of Need

(Continued from preceding page)

none of us would be alive today. We especially are in your debt as your own condition must have often made your duties in the aid of my friends very difficult." And turning, he left Clarissa to feel his presence for a long time.

SCARCELY had she lifted the soup kettle to a warmer place on the ingenious iron frame her husband had forged, when little New called, "Mamma, the drawing man is coming!" Carvalho eased his tall frame onto a three-legged stool near the table and placed his hands over saddened eyes. Then, he recounted his chance visit to the household of bereavement; Carvalho, drawn by their sorrow, yet knowing only one way to lend his strength, had slipped unnoticed into the one-room log home, now silent for lack of childish laughter. He gazed upon the quiet presence, and noted the look of sweet rest upon the brow of this little one whose earth life was so soon completed. Then, with resolution born of instant inspiration, he eagerly sketched the face of the child, ruffled bonnet, and delicate pillow as its frame, while the little body lay cushioned in its white pine box.

When he had completed it, he quickly placed the likeness near the infant hands. And thinking not to disturb the parents in their deepest grief, lacking expressive words, he trod lightly, left the home, and hurried to Clarissa's cabin.

Clarissa began to see pathos unfold at her feet—perhaps, after all, something really had happened in this end of the trail village to interest her children's children. She felt an inner illumination, and was no longer discouraged with life on the frontier.

ON THE morning of the fourteenth day, their recuperative stay at an end, Frémont's fifth expedition was on the move once more. Supply wagons were readied, an honorary, mounted escort saddled to see them safely out of the Great Basin, last good-byes said to the now eagerly departing explorers; only the signal to move was awaited tensely as the townspeople lined up to give a proper Godspeed. The Parowan women had become the friend in need to sufferers in their midst.

Carvalho's wagon, headed north to
THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Salt Lake City with conference officials, jerked forward as the feet of the oxen braced for the pull. A bonneted figure darted from the roadside, reached tiptoe, and handed a basket to the artist. Carvalho raised the lid—a gift of eggs, butter, and loaves, from a grateful heart!

Many years passed. Frémont's steps ranged across the fast expanding nation from west to east and back again many times. In Los Angeles, one evening, before a vast audience, he was asked by an anti-Mormon lecturer, Kate Field, to introduce her to the listeners.

John Charles Frémont, not wishing by either word or deed to show ingratitude to his benefactors of '54, declined. And turning to those near him, recounted briefly that the Latter-day Saints had saved him and his men from starvation on his fifth expedition—therefore he could not introduce the speaker of the evening.

The Taming of Tessa

(Continued from page 158)

father were pals. In the past few years she had even learned to cook and keep house, so that sometimes they had meals by themselves instead of in the bunkhouse with the loggers. Why did her father want it otherwise?

She'd show them, she resolved bitterly, that they couldn't put one over on her. All Miss Thatcher's smiles and pleasantries, Mrs. Tanner's gentle admonitions would accomplish nothing. They weren't going to make a lady out of her.

Tessa wrapped herself in a cloak of sullenness. In school and at home she was cold and aloof. She saw the unhappy looks thrown her way but ignored them. As soon as she got home from school she tore off the hated dress-up clothes, and climbed into her beloved jeans.

With winter approaching it was too cold to go rowing or walking, and she took refuge in the store. Neither Mr. Tanner nor Billy seemed to notice that anything was wrong, and she was least unhappy with them. Joyce, the little Indian girl, remained her faithful and devoted shadow, chattering endlessly whether or not she received any reply.

One wintry afternoon when she came into the store Billy was filling an order for a mother and daughter

(Continued on following page)



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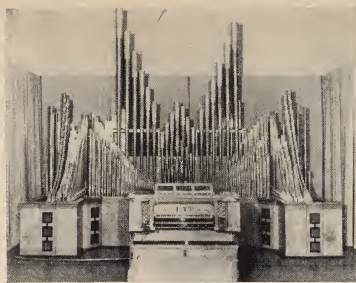
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The Taming of Tessa

(Continued from preceding page)

who lived together on a remote homestead several miles from Seldovia. They were dressed in heavy boots and men's clothing, their faces weatherbeaten and drawn by work and exposure.

"My hat's off to them," Tessa remarked to Billy after the two women left the store. "Somebody told me they built their own cabin, and they work like a couple of men."

"So what?" Billy commented indifferently. "That doesn't make them men. Why not be a success as a woman instead of a failure trying to copy a man?"

Tessa made no reply, but lapsed into a thoughtful silence. For the first time she wondered what Billy thought of her.

The boy's remark rankled in Tessa's mind. She told herself angrily that she didn't care what he thought of her. If she wanted to live in jeans and comb her hair like a boy, it was none of his affair. She could not help feeling that he disapproved though, and it raised a wall between them.

That left only Joyce. Tessa tried to listen politely while the little girl reported every thought that wandered through her baby mind. At first Tessa was amused, but gradually a sense of boredom and loneliness nearly overpowered her.

"I'll go crazy if I have to listen to Joyce for one more minute," she wailed as she ran into the kitchen ahead of the little girl.

Mrs. Tanner, flushed and rosy from cooking supper, turned startled eyes on Tessa as she flung herself onto a stool in a corner.

"She loves you, Tessa," Mrs. Tanner reminded Tessa in a tone of quiet rebuke.

"Oh, I know," Tessa moaned guiltily. "But honestly, I'm not interested in what a five-year-old has to say, hour after hour."

Mrs. Tanner nodded. "That's true. We all prefer the company of someone nearer our own age."

The remark, uttered casually and seemingly without guile, struck a chord in Tessa's heart. She gazed at Mrs. Tanner with keen intensity. Her words came slowly as the thought grew in her mind.

"Do you suppose I bored my father, the way Joyce bores me?"

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Carefully Mrs. Tanner set down the hot casserole she had pulled out of the oven. She turned and faced Tessa.

"I think your father was lonely for a companion to share his own interests," she replied hesitantly. "When you were together, did he ever talk over his problems with you?"

Silently Tessa reviewed her memories. Always she was running to her father with her interests and trials. With a flash of insight she realized that they were pals because he made the effort, not through any action on her part.

"I was like Joyce, always telling him things. I never thought that maybe he was interested in other things."

"Life is sharing, Tessa. In order to be truly happy, you must consider the happiness of others even above your own."

The idea struck Tessa with the force of a blow. Slowly she arose and went to her bedroom. She stood in front of the mirror and stared at her reflected image. So this was growing up, realizing that other people had a right to happiness, too.

She sighed deeply, then shrugged her shoulders as though shaking off the burden of hatred she has been carrying. If she had to grow up, she might as well make a good job of it. She picked up her comb and fluffed out her hair so that it made a golden nimbus around her face. Her skirt and blouse lay on the bed where she had thrown them. She had better change now. After dinner she would go and apologize to Miss Thatcher.

Then she grinned. Maybe this business of being a lady wouldn't be so bad, after all. She wondered if Billy really would teach her how to dance. Tomorrow she would ask him.

NOW FINDING BLUE

By Elaine V. Emans

TILL NOW I have remembered blue because I have not wanted to forget the way it climbed a slope on mase, as lupine does, Or signaled to me timidly, through gray Persistent clouds, or seemed a jewel set Deep in the earth with filagree of pine Encircling it, or clothed a child I met In glory half of pixie, half divine.

But now I know that I had never turned And fully faced to blue before, nor peered Into the very soul of it, nor learned Its flame is to be both adored and feared—
*Now finding blue that will not let me be
In your eyes, darling, when you turn to me.*

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Melchizedek

High Priests

OFFICE AND CALLING OF HIGH PRIESTS

First—Calling of High Priests

THE CALLING of a high priest is a glorious one. Many of the most saintly men who have lived on this earth held that calling in “the Holy Priesthood after the Order of the Son of God”; for example, Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Enoch, and Methuselah, were all high priests.¹ Abraham sought diligently for an appointment to the priesthood, namely, to be “a high priest, holding the right belonging to the fathers.”² Jehovah said unto him:

... Abraham, my son, ...

Behold, I will lead thee by my hand, and I will take thee, to put upon thee my name, even the Priesthood of thy father, and my power shall be over thee.³

Abraham’s ordination to the office of a high priest was received from Melchizedek, the great high priest after whom the priesthood was named, also the king of Salem (Jerusalem). As was mentioned in the ERA, October 1954, the three first high priests over this earth, standing in order named, are Jehovah, or Jesus Christ; Michael, or Father Adam; and Gabriel, or Noah.⁴ In addition to that of Mediator, Christ holds the distinction of being the Only Begotten Son, the Lord, the Savior, and the Redeemer of the world. The other great prophets and leaders in gospel dispensations, such as Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Elijah, Isaiah, Lehi, Peter, James, and John, and Christ’s other apostles, were high priests.⁵ We read in modern revelation:

High priests after the order of the Melchizedek Priesthood have a right to officiate in their own standing, under the direction of the presidency, in administering spiritual things, and also in the office of an elder, priest (of the Levitical order), teacher, deacon, and member.

An elder has a right to officiate in his

stead when the high priest is not present.

The high priest and elder are to administer in spiritual things, agreeable to the covenants and commandments of the church; and they have a right to officiate in all these offices of the church when there are no higher authorities present.⁶

High priests have the particular responsibility of presiding, when so called upon. All bishoprics who are not literal descendants of Aaron, high counselors, stake presidencies, and the First Presidency are high priests.⁷

Second—Type of Men Who Are Ordained High Priests

Since the calling of a high priest is so important, it is expected that those who are ordained to this office in the priesthood should have proved their stability, faith, and devotion to the Church in such a way that they can be depended upon to stand firm and true under all circumstances. They should be righteous men who are earnestly striving to keep all of God’s commandments and who are consecrating their time and talents for the upbuilding of the Church and kingdom here upon the earth.

Third—Duty of High Priests to Keep the Commandments

President Joseph F. Smith emphasized strongly that it was the duty of every high priest to keep the commandments and to set a good example to the membership of the Church. To quote:

Every man who holds the office of high priest in the Church, or has been ordained a high priest, whether he is called to active position in the Church or not—inasmuch as he has been ordained a high priest—should feel that he is obligated, that it is his bounden duty, to set an example before the old and young worthy of emulation, and to place himself in a position to be a teacher of righteousness, not only by precept but more particularly by example—giving the younger ones the benefit of the experience of age, and thus becoming individually a power in the midst of the community in which he dwells. Every man who has light should let that light shine, that those who see it may glorify their Father which is in heaven, and honor him who possesses the light and who causes it to

shine forth for the benefit of others. In a local capacity, there is no body of priesthood in the Church which should excel, or who are expected to excel, those who are called to bear the office of high priest in the Church. For among those who hold this office are chosen the presidents of the stakes and their counselors, and the high councils of the stakes of Zion, and from this office are chosen the bishops, and the bishops’ counselors in every ward in Zion. . . . Those holding this office are, as a rule, men of advanced years, and varied experience, men who have filled missions abroad, who have preached the gospel to the nations of the earth, and who have had experience not only abroad but at home. Their experience and wisdom is ripened fruit of years of labor in the Church, and they should exercise that wisdom for the benefit of all with whom they are associated.⁸

Fourth—Ordaining Brethren High Priests

Since the members of the stake presidency are in charge of all Melchizedek Priesthood work in the stake (the stake president being the chairman of the Melchizedek Priesthood committee), these brethren should be guided by the foregoing suggestions in selecting the men to be ordained high priests. These prospective high priests are selected or nominated by the stake presidency, approved by the high council, by the elders’ or seventies’ quorums from which they come, by the bishopric for worthiness, and presented to and approved by the body of the Church. Then they are ordained high priests by the stake presidency. The procedure as outlined in the *Melchizedek Priesthood Handbook* is as follows:

(1) The stake president or his counselor assigned shall interview the candidate, having him answer the questions on the reverse side of the form, “Recommendation for Ordination in the Melchizedek Priesthood,” and sign his name.

(2) The stake president shall then obtain the signature of the bishop and the president of the elders’ or seventies’ quorum of which the candidate is a member.

(3) Approval of the high council should be secured.

(4) Following this the applicant’s name shall be presented for the approval of the priesthood of the stake.

¹ D. & C. 107:53.

² Abraham 1:2.

³ *Ibid.*, 1:17-18.

⁴ Joseph Fielding Smith, *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, pp. 157-158; D. & C. 107:53-56.

⁵ *Op. cit.*, Smith, p. 158.

⁶ D. & C. 107:10-12.

⁷ *Ibid.*, 107:68-73.

⁸ Joseph F. Smith, *Gospel Doctrine*, pp. 227-228.

Priesthood

Preferably this should be done at a stake priesthood meeting; but if conditions arise which prevent its being done there, recommendations for ordinations in the Melchizedek Priesthood may be presented at one of the general sessions of a stake quarterly conference, and not at the priesthood leadership meeting of a stake quarterly conference.

(5) Upon receiving the approval of the priesthood of the stake, the candidate will be ordained under the direction of the stake presidency and the presidency of the high priests' quorum, and then the form, "Recommendation for Ordination in the Melchizedek Priesthood," will be filed with the stake clerk so he may extract the necessary information for the stake record.

(6) *The Melchizedek Priesthood Handbook*, page 62, gives the following information:

When a person has been ordained a high priest, he should receive a "Certificate of Ordination" signed by the president and the secretary of the quorum. The "Certificate of Ordination," attached to the certificate, should be completed, detached and sent to the ward clerk of the ward in which the newly ordained candidate is resident in order to provide the proper information for the ward records. These certificates should be carefully preserved as an evidence of ordination.

Upon presentation of a "Certificate of Ordination," a person may be admitted to membership in his quorum by vote of the quorum members, provided he has been accepted as a member of the ward in which he resides. If he does not have a "Certificate of Ordination" and the membership record card upon which he is received in the ward names his priesthood, this record should be accepted as evidence that he holds the office specified, unless there is proof to the contrary.

HIGH PRIESTS' QUORUMS

First—Quorum Organization and Membership

Each stake in Zion has an organization called the high priests' quorum to which belong all high priests of the Church living within the stake confines. The membership of the high priests' quorum, therefore, includes the stake presidency, the high counselors, bishops and their counselors, stake patriarchs, and all others

who have been ordained to the office of high priest.

All presiding officers—both stake and ward—who are members of this quorum should have a lively union with it, not a dead connection. They should be united with the quorum in such a way that they give it all the force that they can impart for good. They should give it their individual influence, their hearty support, their confidence, and the benefit of their advice and counsel. Monthly quorum meetings should be held at a time when no other meetings are held in order to provide opportunity for stake presidencies, high counselors, bishops, and stake and ward clerks to be in attendance at their quorum meetings.

The quorum organization consists of a president, two counselors, and a secretary.

Second—Installation of High Priest Quorum Presidencies

Presidents of high priests' quorums are to be chosen by the stake presidency with the approval of the high council. Such appointments are subject, however, to the acceptance and sustaining vote of the quorum membership and the approval of the visiting member of the Council of the Twelve or the Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, by whom they are to be set apart. "It is not necessary to submit their names to the First Presidency for approval. Presidents of high priests' quorums may, in consultation with the stake presidency, choose their own counselors who, when properly approved, may be set apart by the stake presidency."⁹

It is again called to your attention that a change in procedure was made and announced in the December 1953, ERA, as follows:

Sustaining quorum presidencies: In the past, in sustaining presidencies of high priests' and elders' quorums they have been presented to the entire stake priesthood for approval. This practice is to be discontinued.

From now on, after approval by the stake presidency and the high council, presidencies of high priests' and elders' quorums should be presented for sustaining vote to the quorums over which they will preside

and not to the entire stake priesthood. This is already the practice in the seventies' quorums.

Third—Purposes of High Priests' Quorums

The Melchizedek Priesthood quorums, including the high priests' quorums, provide organizations through which the purposes of the Lord with respect to the priesthood may be more completely accomplished. The high priests' quorums have two chief purposes, as outlined in the *Melchizedek Priesthood Handbook*:

(1) To help every individual member of the quorum and his family, to attain a condition of thorough well-being in body, mind, and spirit. Every need of a man holding the priesthood should be the concern of the quorum to which he belongs.

(2) To help the Church itself in the accomplishment of the divine duties imposed upon it by training and developing quorum members to understand and perform the work in which the Church is engaged.¹⁰

In order to carry out all quorum functions and objectives, high priests' quorums must keep in mind the threefold duty resting upon the Church, namely: (1) to keep the members of the Church in the way of their full duty, (2) to teach the gospel to those who have not yet heard it or accepted it, (3) to provide for the dead, through the ordinances of the temple the means by which the dead, if obedient, may participate in the blessings that are enjoyed by those who have merited citizenship in the kingdom of God. Thus, every high priests' quorum, in order to magnify its opportunities and justify its existence, must develop its members for greater fitness to aid in these three great divisions of Church activity.

DUTIES, RESPONSIBILITIES, AND OBLIGATIONS OF HIGH PRIESTS

The duties, responsibilities, and obligations of quorum members, directed by quorum presidencies for the complete realization of quorum purposes and objectives, have been outlined in detail in previous articles and so they do not necessitate repeating here; for example, high priests' quorums and

(Concluded on page 207)

⁹Melchizedek Priesthood Handbook, p. 66.

¹⁰Ibid., p. 16.



The Presiding

Why Young Women Respect Young Men Who Honor the Priesthood They Hold

(Address delivered by JoAnn Johnson during a recent quarterly conference of the Logan (Utah) Stake. Bishop Thorpe B. Isaacson of the Presiding Bishopric represented the General Authorities in the conference.)

WHAT kind of people do we respect? Certainly not those who profess to be something, and can't live up to their ideals and standards. I respect an individual who will stand by his convictions when he knows he is right. One of the greatest goals in life is to gain the respect and approval of our associates. This desire begins when we are very small, but as we grow older, we realize that it is more important to also have the respect and approval of our heavenly Father.

I respect a boy who wants to hold the strong protecting wall of the priesthood close around him. This wall of the priesthood should be built on the

foundation of a good home; a good clean environment must be chosen. This is a lifetime project, not just a hobby to be toyed with now and then. If built properly it will hold out the storms and temptations of life, and repairs will not be necessary. Only when it becomes damaged or destroyed in some way will it be necessary to mend it, and this is when undesirable elements enter that make life cold and meaningless. This wall cannot be hidden. Everyone will be able to see it. After this wall has a seemingly good start, it may be damaged in a number of ways.

A LESSON AWAY FROM HOME

As an example, I would like to use an experience of four LDS boys who set out from a Utah city on a cross-country trip, as related by Ralph Hardy in the *Junior M Men-Junior Gleaner Manual 1954-55*:

They had saved their money for a long time, and now that graduation was over, they said their good-byes and piled in the car. They were on their way. After they had crossed the state line, they got out to see how it felt to be on their own for the first time in their lives. They agreed right then they would not act like country bumpkins, but like seasoned travelers. One of the boys suggested they forget all about being Mormons and let their hair down for once. They wanted to find out what excitement they had been missing all this time. "Anyway," one said, "what difference will it make—nobody out here in the world knows us anyway, or cares whether we have any church connections." They decided to give it a try, and agreed to pretend they were students from the east attending school in Utah. They had to say Utah because of their license plates.

That night they found themselves in a big tourist attraction spot, and after they had eaten, they decided now would be a good time to sample some of the things their parents and teachers had cautioned them against. They wandered into the lobby of the hotel, and in one corner of the room they saw a large neon light with the words "BAR—beer and cocktails." Each agreed to order a glass of beer, since this would be sinning just a little bit.



JoAnn Johnson

The boy delegated to give the order lost his voice, and had to swallow before he could get out, "Four glasses of beer, please." They were getting braver and bolder when a well-dressed man came into the bar and walked to their table with such a determined pace it left the boys completely unnerved. The man extended his hand to one of the boys and said, "I beg your pardon, but aren't you (calling the boy's father by name) son from Utah?" The boy's hand froze on his beer glass, and he managed to say weakly, "Why, yes, sir, I am." The gentleman, stating his name, said, "I'm vice-president of the company your father works for. I met you and your mother last winter at a company dinner. I have never forgotten how you explained your Mormon priesthood to one of our executives who asked you what it meant to be a Mormon boy. I must say I was a little surprised to see you head for the bar, but I suppose boys will be boys when they're off the roost, whether they're Mormons or not."

The boys were heartsick and ashamed as they left the bar, and they felt as if every eye were watching them. When they got out into the fresh air, the boy who had proposed they lose their true identity, shrugged and said, "You just can't win." The other boy to whom the stranger had spoken replied, "I'm not so sure. If we have any sense left we can profit greatly from this experience. Whom are we trying to kid, anyway?"

A GREAT TEST AHEAD

The boy in the incident just related—the one who owned the car—probably thought a great deal of it. Yet he would never deliberately put anything into the motor which would damage it permanently. Surely he should think more

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Three Brothers Set Record



Lloyd Cook

ElRoy Cook

Boyd Cook

ElRoy and his twin brothers, Lloyd and Boyd, are all members of the deacons' quorum, Pocatello Eighteenth Ward, West Pocatello (Idaho) Stake.

Each of them has maintained a one hundred percent record of attendance at priesthood and sacrament meetings since he was ordained a deacon.



"Duty to God" Award Is Not Priesthood Award

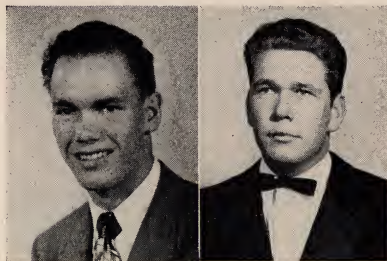
THE new "Duty to God" award, sponsored by the YMMIA, is not to be confused with Aaronic Priesthood awards, neither the individual award nor the Aaronic Priesthood pin. All correspondence concerning the "Duty to God" award, including applications therefor, should be directed to the YMMIA and not to the Presiding Bishopric.

However, the "Duty to God" award program does specify that a boy must qualify for the individual Aaronic Priesthood award during each of the four years in which he qualifies according to the requirements of the YMMIA and Sunday School to establish his eligibility.

of himself than he does of his automobile. Then why are young LDS boys and girls even tempted to take things into their bodies which they know inflict harm?

We are living in a critical period today. The boys especially have a great responsibility, for most of them will be called upon to fill a term in the armed forces. Here one of their greatest tests will begin. During this time they will associate with many who are not of our faith, who will have different ideals and standards. They may be stationed in foreign countries where standards of living are altogether different. A boy must be prepared to face these probabilities. It is then that a boy must let others know where he stands, for he is not only representing his country but also the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. If he knows where he stands, he will not be faced with

Perfect Attendance Records



Verel Ashby

Ronald Leavitt

indecision when important problems arise. If he honors his priesthood, he will not get far off the track. He can remain true to the ideals of the gospel and return home with not only the respect of others but also with the respect of himself.

A boy has a great challenge in this Church. It is a sacred privilege to have such a priceless possession as the priesthood. The serious-minded boys will honor their priesthood authority. The girls in the Church should encourage them to do so.

I pray that we may all realize the wonderful privileges and blessings of the priesthood and respect and honor those who magnify it before the Lord.

Verel Ashby, New Plymouth Ward, Weiser (Idaho) Stake, established one of the few records of perfect attendance at priesthood and sacrament meetings for the full seven years in the Aaronic Priesthood program. Verel was recently ordained an elder and is now attending Brigham Young University.

Ronald Leavitt, Las Vegas Second Ward, Las Vegas (Nevada) Stake, has six years of perfect attendance at priesthood and sacrament meetings to his credit. Ronald is determined to go the full seven years without an absent mark.

AWARD RECORD FOR JANUARY

During the month of January, the Presiding Bishopric approved the largest number of awards issued in any one month to date. We are happy to present your record as follows:

Stake awards	1
Ward awards	146
100% seals	677
Individual awards	
Priests	1,329
Teachers	1,364
Deacons	1,809
Total ind. awards	4,502
Aaronic Priesthood pins	1,250

DEACONS' QUORUM, LONG BEACH FIFTH WARD, EAST LONG BEACH (CALIFORNIA) STAKE SETS RECORD

Under the faithful leadership of Cecil Cluff, quorum adviser, the deacons' quorum in the Long Beach Fifth Ward, East Long Beach Stake, set out to improve their ten months average attendance records of eighty-three percent at priesthood meeting and seventy-seven percent attendance at sacrament meeting.

For the next two months, the record bounced to one hundred percent attendance at priesthood meeting, and ninety-seven percent attendance at sacrament meeting. Another splendid proof that "it can be done when leaders lead." Brother Cluff praised quorum members for "their spirited co-operation."



WILD ANIMALS OF UTAH

(Continued from page 161)

in English, so far as I know, appeared in 1834 in *Prose, Sketches and Poems* by Albert Pike, an Arkansas lawyer; but even he used an odd spelling:

The little gray colletes or prairie wolves, who are as rapacious and as noisy as their bigger brethren. . . .

In his work on *California*, E. Bryant wrote in 1846:

A species of jackal called here the *coyote*,

frequently approached within a few rods of us.

The word apparently did not enter the literature of mammalogy until 1874 by Coues ("coyote-wolves"), and, in the meantime the Mormons of Utah called the animal "prairie" or "barking" wolf, or used the word "wolves" for wolves and coyotes alike. Thus, writing of the winter of 1851-2, one pioneer said:

We still slept in the wagon box outside, and, say, how the wolves would howl! It was not one but many. They were hungry and came close to the box and howled. (Claude T. Barnes, *The Grim Years*.)

The animals she heard may have been coyotes.

It is not certain which George Q. Cannon intended by the following, in writing of December 1848:

The people of Great Salt Lake City suffered so much annoyance from the wolves howling at night, and from the depredations of foxes, catamounts, and other animals that it was thought advisable to organize two companies of one hundred men each, John D. Lee and John Pack to be captains, to destroy these wild animals.

The "catamounts" he referred to were mountain lions, known to mammalogy as pumas (*Felis concolor*).

The following March it was reported that the eighty-four hunters who participated had during the winter killed 2 bears, 2 wolverenes, 2 wildcats, 783 wolves, 409 foxes, 31 minks, 9 eagles, 530 magpies, hawks and owls, and 1,026 ravens.

It seems now that it was a serious mistake to destroy the birds, if they expected to rid themselves of grasshoppers, mice, jack rabbits, and carrion. Even the magpie's food is predominantly insectivorous.

Lorenzo Young probably had the large, gray wolves in mind when he used the term "white":

One night soon after our arrival I spread some strychnine about, and in the morning found fourteen white wolves dead.

I doubt that a wild gray wolf exists in Utah, although I do get a rumor now and again from San Juan County. Coyotes, mountain lions, and wildcats are still common, sometimes still appearing within the Salt Lake City limits.

In 1850 Howard Stansbury found that:

. . . the well known and destructive mink (*Putorius vison*) appears to be common in the valley of Salt Lake. (*Exploration and Survey of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake*.)

He also stated, "The Ermine (*Plutorius erminea*) occurs abundantly." This animal is the weasel, the Utah sub-species now being known as *Mustela erminea murica* (Bangs).

Stansbury found muskrats, badgers, and burrowing owls to be "abundant"; and, strange to relate, he shot

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

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BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PROVO-UTAH

a wolverine (*Gulo luscus*) in the Salt Lake Valley, truly observing:

Indeed in the Northern United States this animal is dreaded more than the panther or the bear, being invested with fabulous attributes of ferocity and danger.

The wolverine taken by him and the two killed by the Utah hunters two years before were the southernmost locale of this animal then known. One of these vicious mammals was killed in Garfield County, Utah, and I am informed by my neighbor, Lynn J. Williams, that he and his father, David Williams, took a wolverine among the pines of White mountain, east of Salina, Utah, in 1934.

We have not seen a wild fox in Utah for many a year; but it was common in 1850, when Stansbury took the original type specimen of the red fox, *Vulpes macrurus Baird*, from the neighborhood of Fort Douglas. All of the "black," "silver," and "cross" foxes are but color phases of this species, taken and described from Salt Lake City.

Thousands of ducks and geese were found about the marshes of the Great Salt Lake, and as Bancroft put it:

In summer, boys filled their baskets with eggs found among the reeds on the banks of streams or on the islands.

Many can remember when hundreds of ducks and geese, killed by market hunters, were sold each fall at the poultry stores along West First South Street, Salt Lake City. Those market hunters used ten-gauge shotguns; and usually took only "pot-shots" at feeding flocks.

Although jack rabbits, or "hares" as the pioneers called them, were always so numerous as to be bothersome, people were rather indifferent towards them for food, except occasionally in winter.

Mice, however, were really troublesome. Concerning 1848 one writer said:

Further discomfort was caused by innumerable swarms of mice. Digging cavities and running about under the earthen floor, they caused the ground to tremble, and when the rain loosened the stones of the roofs, scammed off in hordes. Frequently fifty or sixty had to be caught and killed before the family could sleep.

Horne reported that,

One contrivance for catching them was a bucketful of water with a board sloping
MARCH 1955

at each end, greased and balanced on the edge. The first cat and her progeny were invaluable.

These obviously were not house mice, but, from their tunnels and habit of nesting in the ground, I believe they were what we call Peale's meadow mice (*Microtus montanus montanus*), which we have found in meadows north of Salt Lake City to the extent of several thousand to an acre.

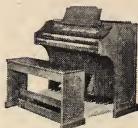
We must tell you a strange inci-

dent about an extinct animal. Barfoot related:

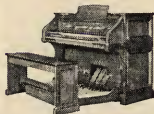
When the remains of an animal of immense size were found at Piontown near Payson in 1870, but little care was taken in exhuming them; they were loaded into a wagon and brought up to this city. The Museum had just started and the proprietor, John W. Young, was visited and solicited to buy the big bones as a curiosity. The museum manager recognized them as the fossil remains of an elephant; they were purchased at a very high figure for specimens so much broken up and carelessly
(Concluded on following page)

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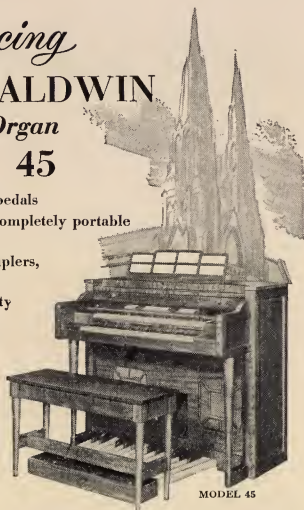
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CITY _____	ZONE _____	STATE _____

WILD ANIMALS OF UTAH

(Concluded from preceding page)

piled together. They should have been numbered as found . . . had this been done probably this city would have been in possession of a complete skeleton of the great American elephant, described by Dr. Falconer as *Elephas Americanus*. ("Stories About Utah," *Juvenile Instructor*, vol. 10.)

He went on to assert that the ancient horse and the tapir also once existed there. Inquisitive paleontologists can now locate "Pondtown" as Salem, which is part of the Palestine name Jerusalem.

We shall close this discursive theme by giving you the promised details of a thrilling adventure of a century ago, when the lure of gold was beckoning to the mountains of California; but we shall preface it by saying, that, according to Andrew Jenson (Assistant Church historian), the Hezekiah Thatcher family went to California in the spring of 1849, where near the town of Auburn the father kept an eating house, "frequently receiving from travelers from one to five dollars for riding a horse to water." Having amassed a fortune, they left for Utah on October 4, 1857, where in 1859

the sons, John and Aaron Thatcher, with W. B. Preston built the first house in Logan. George Q. Cannon related this occurrence, as follows:

The following incident in the life of Brother John Thatcher, of Logan, Cache County, is true in every particular. We will give it, as near as possible, in his own language:

"When I was about twenty years of age, my parents and the rest of our family settled in Yolo County, California, at that time a thinly settled district. When we had been there about six months, one night, in the rainy season, we heard a terrible commotion and noise among the cattle, which were in a corral situated about a hundred and twenty yards from the house. My brothers George and Moses went out to see what the matter was, but soon returned without ascertaining the cause of the uproar.

"The cattle continued to bellow and my brother Joseph and myself then went out. When we got to the bars of the corral we found the bull standing guard by them. We drove him off several times, but he always came directly back again.

"I then stepped inside the bars, and when I got about twenty five feet from a large stump of a tree, which served as one side of the entrance to the corral, a large animal sprang from the stump, lit on my back, threw its forefoot around my waist, sent its large teeth into the fleshy part of my back, and, at the same time, with the claws of its hind feet, stripping my pants and

drawers from my lower limbs, and raising large welts on my flesh, but not cutting deep. Fortunately I did not lose my presence of mind for a single moment, and as soon as the brute jumped upon me, I drew a sharp quick breath, as persons generally do when suddenly surprised, and said, there is a panther on me! At the same instant I grasped one forefoot with my left hand, and seized the beast's jaw with my right, and, as quick as thought, Joseph caught hold of the two hind feet, giving a sudden jerk with all his strength, that took the animal off me and brought it to the ground. Thus released, I jumped on it with my heavy boots. Joseph then put his foot on the brute's neck, while I got a rail and pounded it on the head.

"Every movement that Joseph and myself made happened to be just the thing that was necessary under the circumstances, and I have always considered my escape a kind of miracle.

"The whole thing did not last more than a few minutes, from the time the animal jumped upon me till it was dead.

"The panther, or as it is sometimes called, California lion, was a huge creature, being two feet four inches high when on its feet, and measuring eight feet six inches from the snout to the tip of the tail. It weighed about two hundred pounds, and his tusks were an inch and a half long. It had the appearance of a huge cat. After we dragged it into the house it gave three powerful gasps and expired." ("Early Life in the Valley," *Juvenile Instructor*, vols. 6, 8, 9.)

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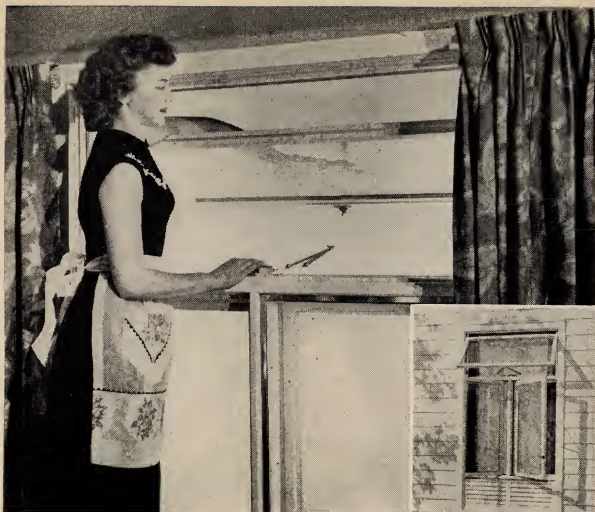
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MARCH 1955

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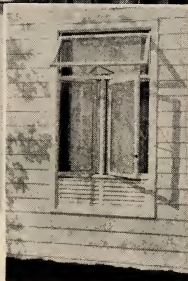
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Martin Harris

(Continued from page 146)

Dikes, who was courting her daughter. Once she spent two uninvited weeks at the Joseph Smith, Jr., home in Pennsylvania, and with neighbors, ransacking the house and digging in the grounds in a vain attempt to find the plates.¹² It is understandable why domestic relations between Lucy and Martin became more strained with every passing week.

Early in August 1828, Mrs. Harris determined to prevent her husband from going to Harmony, Pennsylvania, to visit Joseph Smith, Jr., and Oliver Cowdery, who were progressing with the translation. When her attempts to satisfy her curiosity about the plates were frustrated, she resolved to hinder the work in every way possible. Not content with the damage caused by loss of the first 116 pages of translated manuscript, she sought to stir up ill-feeling around Palmyra and bring Joseph Smith, Jr., into disrepute. When sure of her ground, she entered a complaint against Joseph Smith, Jr., before a magistrate at Lyons, New York, charging him with attempting to defraud her husband out of his money and property. She signed an affidavit herself and directed the officers whom to subpoena as witnesses in the case. The Prophet's mother relates her anxiety at this time because: "... this was the first time a suit had ever been preferred before a court against any of my family."¹³

When court was called,

the witnesses being duly sworn, the first arose and testified, that Joseph Smith, Jr., had told him that the box which he had, contained nothing but sand; and he Joseph Smith said it was gold, to deceive the people.

Second witness swore, that Joseph Smith had told him that it was nothing but a box of lead, and he was determined to use it as he saw fit.

Third witness declared, that he once inquired of Joseph Smith what he had in that box, and Joseph Smith told him there was nothing at all in the box, saying that he had made fools of the whole of them, and all he wanted was to get Martin Harris's money away from him. . . .

Next came Mrs. Harris's affidavit in which she stated that she believed the chief object which Joseph Smith had in view, was to defraud her husband out of all his property, and that she did not believe that Joseph Smith had ever been in possession of the gold plates which he talked so much about.

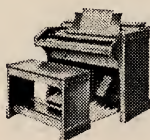
¹²Lucy Mack Smith, *op. cit.*, 109-116.

¹³*Ibid.*, 133.

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PROVO

The magistrate then forbade the introduction of any more witnesses until Martin Harris should be sworn. Martin, being called upon, testified with boldness, decision and energy, to a few simple facts. When he arose he raised his hand to heaven, and said: "I can swear that Joseph Smith never has got one dollar from me by persuasion, since God made me. I did once, of my own own free will and accord, put fifty dollars into his hands, in the presence of many witnesses, for the purpose of doing the work of the Lord. This, I can pointedly prove; and I can tell you, furthermore, that I have never seen in Joseph Smith, a disposition to take any man's money without giving him a reasonable compensation for the same in return. And as to the plates which he professes to have, gentlemen, if you do not believe it, but continue to resist the truth, it will one day be the means of damning your souls."

After hearing this testimony, the magistrate told them they need not call any more witnesses, but ordered them to bring him what had been written of the testimony already given. This he tore in pieces before their eyes and told them to go home about their business, and trouble him no more with such ridiculous folly. And they did go home perfectly discomfited.¹⁴

Dissension between Lucy and Martin Harris mounted, finally resulting in separation. Martin left Lucy well-provided for. She was given a home near Palmyra and approximately eighty acres of choice farm land. An old Dominion law, still in effect in New York State at that time, made it unlawful for a man to deed property to his wife. Martin overcame this obstacle by deeding the land to his brother, Peter, who, on the same day, deeded it to Lucy, making the transference legal.¹⁵

Martin and Lucy Harris had three children, all born at Palmyra: Lucy, married Flanders Dikes; George W., killed in the Civil War, 1864; Duty L., died in infancy.

¹⁴Ibid., 132-134.

¹⁵Copy of this deed is in the Church archives.

(To be continued)

WONDER OF BOOKS

By Catherine E. Berry

A BOOK can be a precious thing,
With lines of joy that soar and sing;
A fairy tale, a story told
Of grandeur in the days of old;
A magic carpet we can ride
To wondrous places far and wide.
A book can open any door
To wisdom's endless treasure store,
Can lift our hearts, and set ajar
The gate to dreams that wing afar,
Give solace that is rich and deep,
And knowledge we can always keep.

A book can be a precious friend,
That brings a joy until time's end.
MARCH 1955



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to build a new
home in '55 . . .

Predictions say that 1955 will be the biggest home building year in a long, long time. So better hurry with your own plans . . . and see the friendly Tri-State store in your community today. Here are some of the ways we can help you build for a maximum of satisfaction and value . . . and a minimum of fuss and bother:

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Today's Family—

IRIS PARKER
Editor

Mrs. Wallace F. Bennett Likes Cooking Short Cuts



Frances G. Bennett

FRANCES, youngest daughter of President Heber J. Grant, was going to have a career as a musician, and then she met Wallace F. Bennett, married him, and has been happy as a homemaker ever since. Her interest in food preparation as an art has come since marriage. When the five children came along in quick order, she switched from the music of the piano to the music of pots and pans. She says that cooking is one of the aspects of homemaking she likes best, and her reputation as a hostess is proof that she has become adept at it. Now that she and Senator Bennett are living in Washington in a small apartment, the type of entertaining that she does is much different from that of former years. It is very informal and usually done buffet style.

With the busy, irregular schedule that she now keeps, Frances Bennett specializes in simple, easy-to-fix dishes, although we are including one or two pioneer favorites.

Appetizer

A good drink Mrs. Bennett often serves, either hot or cold, is made by combining equal parts of canned tomato juice, madrilene, and consommé. Place a small slice of lemon in each cup, or if you prefer, a dash of whipped cream. Serve with potato chips and a dip made of one large package of creamed cheese, moistened with one can of minced clams, and enough juice from the clams to make a nice spread.

Veal Loaf

3 pounds veal and ½ pound pork ground together
3 tablespoons thick cream
4 crackers, rolled
3 eggs
Sage, salt, and pepper to taste
Juice of one-half lemon

Beat the eggs and mix together with other ingredients thoroughly. Bake in two loaf pans for three hours at 300°F. Baste with butter. Is good served either hot or cold.

Baked Rice

1 cup brown rice
2 cans consommé
1 small can (4-ounce) mushrooms
1 can water (consommé-size)
butter

Brown the rice thoroughly in melted butter in heavy skillet, stirring constantly. Combine all ingredients (including juice from mushrooms) in casserole. Cover and bake at 375°F. for an hour and fifteen minutes.

This dish goes well with the veal loaf or any other meat dish.

Molded Fruit Salad

2½ cups fruit juice
½ cup mayonnaise
1 cup whipped cream
2 packages gelatin, dissolved in three-fourths cup cold water
1 can Royal Anne cherries
1 large can pineapple
1 can pears
1 can grapefruit
1 dozen marshmallows, cut up

Heat juice to boiling point. Pour over soaked gelatin. Add fruit. When almost set, add cream, mayonnaise, and marshmallows. Pour in molds and let set. This will make two large ring molds or it can be made in individual molds, if preferred. Home canned fruit may be substituted in place of the canned fruit, of course. The fruit in Washington isn't too good for canning, but when Mrs. Bennett is home, she always uses her own bottled fruit.

Senate Bean Soup

There is an interesting story connected with this recipe. It seems that once a senator went into the Senators' dining room and ordered bean soup. When he was told it was not on the menu that day, he was indignant, and consequently a law was passed in the Senate which makes it mandatory that bean soup be served every day in the Senate dining room. Whenever a new-comer dines there, he is supposed to order bean soup. The recipe for it appears on the back of the menu, and Mrs. Bennett has sent it along to us:

Take two pounds of small Navy Pea Beans and wash and run through hot water until beans are white again. Put on the fire with four quarts of hot water. Then add 1½ pounds of smoked ham hocks and boil slowly approximately three hours in covered pot. Braise one onion, chopped, in a little butter and when light brown put in bean soup. Season with salt and pepper, then serve. Do not add salt until ready to serve.

Mint Ginger Ale Lemon Punch

SYRUP:
6 cups sugar

(Continued on page 198)

Homemade Goodness!

Tuna-Tamale Pie

from your own oven

You don't have to be an expert to bake this wonderful supper pie! Sperry Drifted Snow Flour will help you do it easily. Treat your family to the homemade goodness that comes from baking with Drifted Snow. It's the flour that's "home-perfected" for all your baking needs. Martha Meade recipes and Queen Bess pattern silverware coupon in sack.



WHAT YOU NEED:

- 1 onion, chopped
- 1 small green pepper, chopped
- 3 tablespoons shortening
- 2 cups tomatoes (No. 303 can)
- 1½ cups whole kernel corn (12 oz. vacuum pack)
- 1 tablespoon chili powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup uncooked Sperry Yellow Corn Meal
- 1 (7 oz.) can chunk or solid tuna
- ½ cup ripe olives

PIE SHELL

- 2 cups sifted Drifted Snow Flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ cup cooking oil
- ¼ cup cold milk

WHAT YOU DO:

Cook onion and green pepper in shortening until soft. Stir in all remaining ingredients. Turn into pastry-lined pie pan, skillet or shallow casserole (9-10 inches diameter). Garnish top with ring of grated sharp cheese and ripe olive slices. Bake in hot oven, 425°, 20-25 minutes. Serves 6.

How to Make the Quick Easy Pie Shell
Sift flour and salt into bowl. Add oil and milk. Stir with fork until pastry clings together. Press into ball. Place between 2 sheets waxed paper (12-inch squares). Roll out to edge of paper. Peel off top paper. Place paper-side up in pie pan. Remove paper. Ease pastry in place. Flute edges.



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KNOW YOUR L.D.S. COOKS

(Continued from page 196)

Banana Ice

- 4 cups water
- 1 cup mint

Make a syrup by boiling the above ingredients for five minutes. Strain.

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup water
- Juice of one lemon
- Juice of one orange
- 2 crushed, ripe bananas

Make a syrup by boiling sugar and water for five minutes. Cool. Then add other ingredients. Pour in refrigerator tray and freeze, stirring once when nearly set.

This dessert will freeze perfectly in refrigerator tray without going "icy," and is a favorite "quick dessert" with the Bennetts. Makes one trayful.

Fig Pudding

- 1 pound ground suet
- 2 pounds ground figs (It is essential to have good quality, moist figs for the success of this pudding.)
- 8 cups soft bread crumbs
- 4 cups brown sugar
- 8 eggs
- 3 tablespoons molasses
- 3 teaspoons nutmeg
- 4 tablespoons flour
- Juice of four lemons

Mix the ingredients together thoroughly. Add well-beaten eggs last. Steam in greased cans for three hours. Mrs. Bennett serves it with a hot caramel sauce, topped with whipped cream or vanilla ice cream.

This is an old family recipe, originally made by Sister Bennett's grandmother Wells. It was a great favorite of President Grant's and of Martha G. Wells' descendants. Members of the family who make it usually double the recipe while they are about it and steam all the puddings in a large roaster. Then they have them on hand to use for several weeks.

Date Bread

- 1 cup chopped dates
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 cups boiling water
- 2 tablespoons melted butter
- 4 cups sifted flour
- 2 teaspoons soda
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 2 teaspoons vanilla

Pour boiling water over chopped dates, sugar, and butter. Add sifted dry ingredients, yolk of eggs, nuts, and vanilla. Beat well and add stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake at 375° F. for about one hour in greased loaf pans. Makes 2 loaves.

This is one of Mrs. Bennett's favorite recipes—she served it once to the Senate Wives Club.



THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

in the Senate Office Building where the Senate wives do their weekly Red Cross work—sewing and making surgical dressings. These Red Cross get-togethers are pleasant because the women get to know each other in this informal setting. The Senate wives take their lunches in paper bags, and someone usually brings a treat. Last year Mrs. Bennett served strawberries from Utah—the year before, her date bread.

The Bennett children are Wallace G., who lives in Salt Lake City; Mrs. Robert C. Fletcher (Rosemary), New Jersey; David, in charge of the Church Institute at Laramie, Wyoming; Mrs. Lawrence Jeppson (Frances), Washington, D. C.; and Bob, on a mission in Scotland. All of the Bennett children are married, except Bob, and there are a total of eight grandchildren.

Frances Bennett has continued with her hobby of music since her family came along. She always liked accompanying unusually well, rather than concert work. The children have been musical—the girls, who sing—and David, who plays the viola (formerly in the Utah Symphony Orchestra); and Sister Bennett has been their official accompanist through the years.

Sister Bennett has been active in the Primary Association all her life, having worked in the ward, the stake, and on the general board level. She was vice president of the board of trustees of the Primary Children's Hospital when the new Primary Children's Hospital was being built and had a good deal of the responsibility for its construction. She has been active, too, in civic affairs, having been an officer of the Parent-Teacher Association; Cleofan, a literary club; the Music Circle; and the Utah Federation of Music Clubs.

FACTUALLY SPEAKING

By Iris W. Schow

A BIRD in the hand neither cheerily sings
Nor floats through the air upon com-
petent wings.
A bird in the hand neither fashions a nest
Nor preens the soft feathers that cover his
breast.

But a bird in the bush, like a toy just wound
up,
Has the speed of a danseuse, the verve of a
pup,
And the airs of a tenor, remote and yet
bland.
So a bird in the bush is worth two in the
hand!

MARCH 1955

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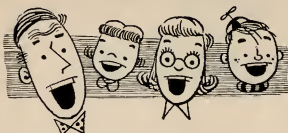
Yet, Instant Postum is priced so low—less than a penny a cup! Why not start the Postum tradition in *your* family—soon. Another wonderful product of General Foods.

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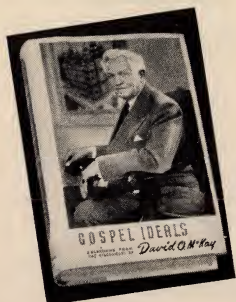


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If I Were in My Teens

by S. Dilmorth Young
OF THE FIRST COUNCIL OF THE SEVENTY

I was! What I am now is the composite creation of what I was then—larger, maybe, easier to see—but the same bricks and mortar!

At age fifteen I can remember that I thought I was a man—and I was in height, six feet high, three inches thick! But to me my shoulders were broad. *My mind was keen*, I thought. I feel about the same now. I can remember vividly the day when, age fourteen, after I had been a week or so in bed, ill, my mother with a startled look backed me up against the door post and marked my height using a book as a level. Six feet—three inches higher than the mark made a month previous—no wonder I had been sick.

As I said, I feel about the same as I did then. But I can now justify some of my feelings. Experience has proved that some things can't be left out. If they are, one misses most of what he's here for. I didn't know it then, but somehow I felt it. Yet the decisions I made gave me satisfaction. They justified my code—or were justified by it.

Let me say that the most satisfying thing which I have experienced in my teens I had no control over at all. It is a simple thing—my mother was usually, almost always, at home. I became uneasy if I came home and found no one at home. The second thing was that father came home with regularity. And the steady pattern of my father's and mother's life together is the chief influence in my character. I wish now that we could—We Church people—stay home while the children are in their teens—and before. But this isn't for parents, it is for me when I was a stripling youth. I'd like to remember just how I felt and acted then. I'll try hard to do it in small pieces—

I used to have great scorn for my fellow students who cheated in class. I soon found out why they cheated.

They didn't know the answers and were either scared or ashamed to admit they hadn't studied—no need to cheat if one knows! But one can't know everything—and somewhere along the line he is tempted in everything. One day I faced a question I didn't know. My desk mate was busily answering. It would have been easy to glance over and get a hint at least. Temptation was strong. I remember that I got stubborn inside. I wouldn't look! In order not to give in, I wrote, "I don't know the answer to this"—and went on to the next. Nothing was ever said to me about it, but somehow after that the teacher didn't seem to watch me any more, and once when I was writing on a make-up examination, the instructor left the room and didn't come back at all. On his desk were all of the references I could have used. I think that was the finest compliment I received while I was young. It has paid off many times since. I have discovered that when one faces the realities of adult living, the finest reputation he can have is that of honor. He won't cheat. Yet, the strength to refuse to cheat now comes only by having developed it then.

Next, I did have some experience in athletics. Like most boys I tried for most of the teams. Finally I got into a game. One of our boys got the ball (it was basketball) and started to dribble up the floor. I started running to get into position for a scoring play. Just as I started I felt a sudden jerk and nearly fell on my face. My guarding opponent had thrown me off balance by simply grabbing my wrist and giving a quick jerk downward—not hard and not noticed by the referee. He had some other tricks, too. I've seen him in various places since we grew up. You know, I don't trust him. If I have any dealings with him at all, I watch all angles to see if I can discover where

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

the "jerk" is going to be. Confidence in people and their actions comes from experience. You can't afford to be a "jerk" in athletics, nor can you in life.

I used to attend my priests' quorum regularly. I wanted to do it. Somehow I could never see any sense in being the possessor of an office without being active in it, so it was not hard to go to the meetings. Much of the time I discovered that I had more knowledge of the doctrine or the history or both than did the instructor. Just why that was I'll explain next, but it was so. Should I have stayed home then? No, because I soon found out that it was more fun to tell what I knew than it was to be told what I should know. I soon learned, too, that I could sit passively in class or I could ask questions. So I developed the habit of asking questions about the lessons or about other things which might apply. Instead of the class period dragging, the moments flew by, and I found that I'd had an excellent time—and a profitable one, too, for all instructors know more than boys in some things—and in one thing they *always* know more—that thing is experience in life.

How could I know more than some instructors? Simply because I had read, and they hadn't. By the time I was seventeen I had managed to read most of what had been written about the Church and its doctrines that was publicly available. If there is anything which will give a boy, or girl either, an edge, or advantage, at the start of the main events in life, to have read widely before age twenty is probably the greatest single thing. If he has read, he understands what is being discussed, and he is not lost. If I had that to do over again, I'd get my knowledge from books rather than from radio, television, or digests of books. I'd learn to read—and I'd read at age six and keep it up.

There are many more things: the treatment to be accorded to girls, attitude toward work, the part played by clothes, when to decide what way to earn a living, but this is enough for now.

I have made my mistakes, and I regret them. I am far from perfect. But I have never had a regret for the fact that in those things in which I kept my ideals high, those ideals kept me out of a lot of trouble later, and gave me peace of mind today.

MARCH 1955



Won first cooking contest at age of 10

High School Senior Wins Cooking Prize

Nieces Patsy and Darlene admire the ribbons ReNell Robinson won for her cooking skill. ReNell, who lives in Freedom, Wyoming, took her latest award last fall—a top prize in cooking competition at the Lincoln County Fair.

Like so many prize-winning cooks, sixteen-year-old ReNell always uses Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. "It's so fast," she says. "And it's easy to use."

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VINES MAY BE THE ANSWER

by Ruth K. Kent

Few plants grow more quickly or more profusely than vines. There are many kinds and they are all pretty—useful as well as ornamental.

What of the yard with new trees? Why not make vines provide the shade and ornamentation until trees have time to grow? If there are clothes posts or other posts in the yard, fasten a trellis to them and train vines up the trellis. They will grow rapidly and will provide enough shade for a lawn chair or if there is a high fence, train vines over it to furnish shade at least part of the day.

Why not make window awnings of vines? Build a narrow trellis on each side of the window, then put up an iron or wooden framework for the awning. Plant vines at each side of the window. Let them climb the trellis and drape over the framework. As they continue to grow, weave them back and forth. This will make a cool and pleasing awning in the summer. In winter the leaves drop off, and the awning is gone just as you want it to be.

If you have a carport or breezeway, why not cover it with vines? It will be much more attractive, and a protection for the car as well.

Flowering vines make a pleasing effect when used in any of the foregoing manners. Imagine sweet honeysuckle vines growing over the open window awnings or picture clusters of wisteria drooping from the carport. Rambling roses are especially pretty growing up the clothes poles.

But don't overlook the fruit vines. Grapes growing over the window awning or over the carport or breezeway are very effective. And berry vines along the fences take little room and provide fresh fruit as well.

The simple perennial seed vines have their place, too. The red bean or scarlet runner is most satisfactory. Plant it along a fence or beside the garage. The scarlet blossoms will perk up the shabbiest looking place, and the huge beans it produces are delicious whether eaten as green beans or later in the season as shell beans. It should bloom and produce beans from early summer until frost and provide some shade as well.

If there is a steep bank or incline that is hard to mow, why not cover

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—Hal Rumel Photo

Vines make a pleasing awning in summer as well as providing beauty and ornamentation.

it with creeping vines? The hearty ivy and creeping myrtle vines grow rapidly and without much care. They make a soft looking covering of green and eliminate mowing.

Why not make use of vines inside the house, too? A trellis between the kitchen and breakfast nook with ivy or philodendron makes a charming divider. A clever divider for the bathroom is a trellis with ivy growing on it, and it grows well in the bathroom on account of the amount of humidity from the steam. A false partition between living room and hallway may be provided by putting in a planter with dowels running to the ceiling. Philodendron or Wandering Jew curled around the dowel adds much beauty.

The wise gardener will not overlook vines in his planting scheme. To get a good early start, vines may be planted as soon as the danger of severe frost is past. In the mountain west vines will be on display and available to gardeners after Washington's birthday.

MARCH 1955

ALLEN FIRST IN THE FIELD OF *Electronic Organs*

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Bishop D. Dredge Thomas
Malad, Idaho

Dear Bishop Thomas:

I was in the Dunkley Music Store of Ogden today and Mr. Dunkley asked me to write you a note commenting on how we like the Allen Electronic Organ for our Liberty Ward.

We purchased the Allen Organ Model S-10, the same as in the Paradise Ward, last March and I think we have the nicest organ in the state, outside of the large pipe organs.

At that time we had had several demonstrations of other organ makes and we were seriously contemplating buying another organ until we heard the Allen.

I will recommend the Allen to any ward in the Church. At the time we thought that we could not go that high in price, but now we are surely glad we did.

Sincerely,

(s) LYLE J. CHARD
Former Bishop Liberty Ward



Allen Organs recently installed or approved in Malad 1st Ward, Malad Idaho; Lewiston 2nd Ward, Lewiston, Utah; Park Valley Ward, Park Valley, Utah; Bloomington Ward, Bloomington, Idaho; Poplar Grove 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Wards, Pioneer Stake; Salt Lake City, Utah.

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NO FRILLS FOR BOYS

by Louise Price Bell

Go as dainty as you like in decorating your small daughters' rooms—include ruffles and frills and bows of all kinds. But when planning the bailiwicks for the young men of the family—no matter what their age—avoid all these fussy items. Boys like colors that won't show dirt and smudges; they like materials that can "take" plenty of wear and tear. And for furniture, their choice is for pieces that can be used and enjoyed in true masculine style without fear of warning "don'ts" to take the edge off their fun.

The room shown is a good example of a boy-proof hideout. From it you may get an idea or two, if you are planning to re-do that room your young son, or sons, occupy. Keep in mind that wearability is the important factor to be considered, and accept all boyish suggestions with interest. Very often lads have excellent ideas that can be carried out either as offered or with some variations. A boy's room is his castle, you know, so make sure he likes it as a place where he can be alone and to which he can proudly take his friends.



HANDY HINTS

Payment for Handy Hints used will be one dollar upon publication. In the event that two with the same idea are submitted, the one postmarked earlier will receive the dollar. None of the ideas can be returned, but each will receive careful consideration.

When the only cork you have on hand is just a bit too large for a bottle, put it in a pan of boiling water and it will shrink enough to fit the bottle. This method is especially handy when stopping bottles containing chemicals since the cork expands as it dries, providing an airtight seal.—Mrs. W. B., Salt Lake City, Utah.

When arranging short-stemmed flowers, crumple a square of aluminum foil loosely and place it in the bottom of the vase. The foil, which does not rust in water, provides a false bottom on which the flowers can rest, thus bringing them up to a more attractive height. Flower stems can also be held more securely in place by fitting them into the crevices of the crumpled foil.—N. P., Denver, Colo.

When a paintbrush hardens, boil for ten minutes in a tin can filled with vinegar. When boiled, wash it thoroughly with soap and lukewarm water.—Mrs. P. S., North Bergen, N. J.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

These Times

(Concluded from page 131)

we perceive that in life we are one with ourselves and with our fellows.

"And the spirit and the body are the soul of man.

"And the resurrection from the dead is the redemption of the soul.

"... through him that quickeneth all things, in whose bosom it is decreed that the poor and the meek of the earth shall inherit it." (D. & C. 88:15-17.)

Behind American power, at home and abroad, is a fundamental, pragmatic notion. Men are viewed as individuals in a practical sort of way. The earth is seen as a place for the poor and meek as well as for the proud and powerful. This feeling has support in modern scientific doctrines concerning man's oneness with the universe. One American, a religious teacher familiar to many readers, offered what could be said to represent the practical American point of view in a statement made in May 1843 in Illinois:

"There is no such thing as immaterial matter. All spirit is matter, but it is more fine or pure, and can only be discerned by purer eyes;

"We cannot see it; but when our bodies are purified we shall see that it is all matter." (*Ibid.*, 131:7-8.)

Ten years earlier, in Ohio, the same teacher expounded the doctrine that "Man was also in the beginning with God. Intelligence, or the light of truth, was not created or made, neither indeed can be.

"For man is spirit. The elements are eternal, and spirit and element, inseparably connected, receive a fulness of joy;

"And when separated, man cannot receive a fulness of joy." (*Ibid.*, 93:29, 33-34. Italics added.)

Perhaps, as many of the luncheon club and high school commencement speakers have said, the problem is "philosophical." Perhaps if we were, all the time, conscious that "there is no such thing as immaterial matter," we would be less unrealistic in either slipping into "materialism" or "reviving spirituality as social objectives." For the problem is not like that of a pendulum, swinging between two natures, but of integrated beings seeking the upward spiral of progressive development. It is more than a pun to say that men are living souls, of spirit, that really matter! "... yea, man is the tabernacle of God," "innocent before God," and to be reared in "light and truth." (*Ibid.*, 93:35, 38, 40.)

A clearer view of the nature of men and women as individual beings in this life may be one of the critical needs of these times.

MARCH 1955

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The dotted line...

Richard L. Evans

PERHAPS this comment could be called "the dotted line"—since signing on the dotted line has come to be a symbol of entering into obligations—a symbol sometimes of getting into things that are not easy to get out of. Many have discovered that it is much easier to get into things than it is to get out of them. Many have ably written and spoken concerning this subject. Sometimes we seem to set our hearts on opening certain doors, on entering into certain situations, and knock and pry and push and almost insist on getting inside. Then we may find that being inside isn't quite what we thought it was. And often we find that the exits aren't so easily accessible. This question of getting into what is hard to get out of applies to many matters: to borrowing, to signing notes, to contracts of many kinds, to joining things, to accepting things, to mortgages, to marriages. It is so easy to sign, so easy to accept, so easy to say yes, so easy to make commitments—and so hard to fulfill, so hard to pay back, so long to regret, so long to repent—so easy to get into and so hard to get out of. Often we pursue mirages. We follow fashions; we pursue pride; we stubbornly set ourselves, and make commitments, make shortsighted decisions. But before we do, we should see ourselves on the paying side as well as on the receiving side. We should read the fine print, we should take a long look, consider consequences, and not commit ourselves to any course that would impair our peace, our solvency, our self-respect, our credit, our character, our conscience. It isn't only the moment that matters. It is the morning after, the month after, the year after, the long years ahead, the whole of life—and everlasting life. And a man must look beyond the moment, through all the days there are, to the day the debt is due. He must look beyond the limits of time, even into eternity, and keep himself as free as he can from questionable compromise, questionable company, short-sighted commitments. Read the fine print; take a long look at life, consider all commitments carefully in the clear light of day, and proceed slowly before assenting, before signing.

"The Spoken Word"

FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING
SYSTEM, JANUARY 23, 1955

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BON VOYAGE, SON

By Vilate R. McAllister

Who is this young man whom I suddenly
find in my presence,
Taking the place of the boy who but lately
was here?
The boy whose small helplessness needed
my loving attention,
Whose care from his babyhood filled all
my days, and my thoughts,
Now, having scant need of my further and
fond ministrations,
Stands ready at last, as a birdling, to try
his own wings,

To snap from the still-clinging tree, as a
ripe fruit in autumn.
At this moment of crisis may I have the
wisdom, the courage,
To realize that he has never been truly my
own,
But is as a boat I have helped build and
launch on the waters.
Seaworthy or not, he from henceforth will
meet his own tempests,
And, led by the stars, he must find his own
harbor at last.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

NO TRUER WORDS

by Elmer S. Cronley

2ND COUNSELOR, IDAHO FALLS STAKE PRESIDENCY

TIMIDLY, and yet respectfully, the little immigrant from Mexico, Lucie, stood before the commissioner. He was asking her the numerous questions she must answer to qualify for citizenship in the United States, and she was so anxious that this time she would succeed.

Twice before she had faced the commissioner, but each time she had failed to pass the examination. On each occasion her precious citizenship had eluded her because she was unable to answer the question the commissioner was now asking: "What do you mean by the Bill of Rights?"

She knew the answer, of course, but somehow she could never find the right words to express it. This time, however, she felt more confident. A friend of hers—a teacher of American history—had gone over the problem with Lucie and assured her that she could give the right answer.

The history teacher, knowing of Lucie's language difficulty and of her intense desire to become a citizen of the United States, had advised her well. Just before Lucie was called in for questioning, the teacher had said: "Now, do not try to remember words in a book. What the commissioner wants to know is whether or not you will be a good American citizen. Tell him in your own words the things you feel in your heart, Lucie."

Already Lucie had successfully told the judge what was contained in the Bill of Rights. Carefully weighing each word she had listed freedom of speech, freedom of the press, the right to assemble, and freedom of religion. So far so good, but now the commissioner had asked her to explain the meaning of these rights. At first she felt a little panicky, but the advice of her friend rang in her ears: "Tell him in your own words the things you feel in your heart, Lucie."

And from her heart came the answer: "It means you can think what you please, say what you please, write what you please, and go to whatever church you please."

The commissioner smiled and asked: "And do you belong to a church?"

"Yes, sir, I do," Lucie answered quietly. "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

"And do you *have* to belong to that church?" queried the commissioner.

"Yes, sir, I do," she responded without hesitation.

Then came the commissioner's final question: "And why must you belong to that particular church?"

"Because," answered Lucie with the words in her heart, "because in America—we must choose the best!"

MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD

(Concluded from page 187)

high priests' presidencies are referred to in July 1954 Era article, "Responsibilities of Melchizedek Priesthood Quorum Presidencies," and August 1954 article, "Melchizedek Priesthood Quorum and Group Projects," for more detailed information on high priests' quorums opportunities and activities. However, the *Melchizedek Priesthood Handbook* lists four primary objectives of quorums which shall be quoted here:

1. To become better acquainted, through careful study, with the doctrines of the gospel and their applications to life.

2. To render regularly some service to the Church.

3. To care for the personal welfare of every quorum member, temporally, intellectually, and spiritually.

MARCH 1955

4. To engage in varied activities, such as socials, outings, athletics, etc., through which quorum members may be provided means to meet adequately their social needs individually, and as a family, and to extend a feeling of fellowship, faith, and love as should meet all the needs of membership.

CONCLUSIONS

It is obvious that if each high priests' quorum assumes responsibility for the welfare of all of its members, each member must dedicate himself to the task imposed upon the quorum. Therefore, a man who accepts the office of a high priest accepts the obligation of that calling. He is expected to be loyal and faithful to the Church, to his quorum, to his family, to every principle of divine truth, and to magnify in all respects the priesthood which he holds.

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ANNUAL INDEX 1954

Your Page and Ours

THE BINGHAM SISTERS ACHIEVE



Gloria Bingham



Beverly Bingham

GLORIA and Beverly Bingham, sisters, of Weston, Idaho, have an enviable record in Church activities, despite the fact that they have often had to walk the seven miles between their home and the ward chapel. Both girls have received their achievement awards for five years. Gloria has a one hundred percent record for three years, another year she would have had one hundred percent, except for one make-up meeting, and would have had one hundred percent again had she not suffered a serious leg injury in a truck accident last May. She is still in a cast from the waist down. Beverly has a five year one hundred percent record of attendance in sacrament, Sunday School, and MIA meetings. They are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Bingham.

Wildflecken, Germany

Dear Brethren:

I JUST want to express how thankful I am to be receiving THE IMPROVEMENT ERA each month. Since my opportunities are limited for attending Church services, I find that by reading THE IMPROVEMENT ERA I gain much spiritual food. The advice given in the ERA by the leadership of our Church is such a great comfort while out here.

I ask the Lord to bless you in your work.

/s/ Pfc. J. Ross Williams

MILLINGTON NAVAL BASE REPORTS



LD S Servicemen's Group, Millington Naval Base, near Memphis, Tennessee. The group is functioning under the direction of the East Central States Mission.

First row: (left to right) Roland Cupp, Laurence McNeil, Benson Olsen, Levon Russell Gale (Group Leader), L. B. Spencer (Tennessee West District President), Kay Pugmire, and Gilbert Dobbe.

Second row: (left to right) Richard Bronson, Carolyn Shanks, Edna Johnson, Lucille Whitehead, Ruth Nelson, Louise Kennedy, and Carol Denton.

Third row: (left to right) Philip Neddo, George Whitehead, Marty Kenyon, Lawrence Nelson (Assistant Group Leader), Betty Frazier, David N. Boston, Dora Bronson, Robert Christenson, and Warner Poppleton.

Lynchburg, Va.

Dear Sirs:

PART of missionary adaptation includes a realization of the significance and divinity of the Church. THE IMPROVEMENT ERA has greatly helped me in this, and I have developed a love for the ERA as the voice of the Church. I have often wished that I could have listened to Paul, Alma, Mosiah, or Joseph Smith give their discourses. After reading the ERA, a new habit, I sadly confess, I realize that we are living in one of the greatest dispensations of the gospel, and this time is perhaps the richest in abundance of light and truth.

The ERA is now my silent partner in missionary work. I have found along with my fellow missionary workers that it is a must for investigators who are hungering after the truth.

I gratefully thank you for THE IMPROVEMENT ERA and for all that it represents.

In gratitude,
/s/ Elder Curtis

APO San Francisco, California

Dear Sirs:

I DO appreciate THE IMPROVEMENT ERA so much. It is like a glimpse of home to open its covers and see pictures of people and places dear to my heart. More than this, it is the inspiration from the Lord coming through his servants, our leaders and teachers, whose messages it contains.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA makes profitable many lonely hours and is a boon to spirituality.

May the Lord reward your efforts with the same joy and happiness you have brought to me through THE IMPROVEMENT ERA.

Sincerely,
/s/ Walter D. Eagar

Riverside, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

YOU don't know how much the ERA is welcomed at our home. It is truly one of the best magazines.

I would like to keep it in my home for as long as I can, and please let me know when it expires, for I will like to renew it. I have several children and they, too, take pleasure in it. My wife is saving all the magazines, for she says it is a magazine with clean thoughts and that it cannot be discarded. I will be looking forward for my magazine this month.

May the Lord bless you all for the fine work you are doing and may you all have a prosperous new year.

Your brother,
/s/ Albert P. Guerrero

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The past half century has brought many advances in insurance benefits, too. Beneficial's new "Planned Futures" program is an excellent example. If you haven't examined your own insurance program for some time, ask your local Beneficial agent to go over it carefully with you, and evaluate it in terms of your present needs. No obligation, of course.

Our General Agents



David C. Petersen, of Ogden, Utah, heads the Beneficial Life General Agency that serves Northern Utah and Southeastern Idaho from its headquarters office in Ogden's First Security Bank building annex. Twenty-one agents are located in Montpelier, Preston, and Bancroft in Idaho; Ogden, Logan, Brigham City, Hyrum, Clearfield, and Smithfield in Utah.



Charles J. Taylor, C.L.U., heads the Beneficial Life General Agency with offices at 605 California Building in Oakland, California. Thirteen agents are located in Bay Area cities of Oakland, San Francisco, Berkeley, Stockton, San Jose, Santa Rosa, Pleasant Hill, Concord, and Palo Alto.

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